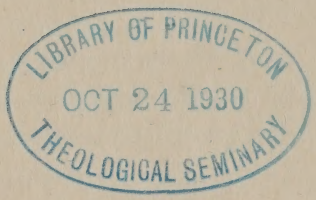
BLIND SPOTS

HENRY SMITH LEIPER



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R.L.

Blind Spots

BLIND SPOTS

Experiments in the
Self-Cure of Race Prejudice

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY
HENRY SMITH LEIPER

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Henry Smith Leiper is the son of a Presbyterian home missionary who worked among the Cherokee Indians and later among the Southern Highlanders. Mr. Leiper's boyhood was spent in that part of Oklahoma which was formerly Indian Territory and in the mountains of North Carolina. He attended school at Marysville College, Tennessee, and at Blair Academy, Blairstown, New Jersey. He received his A.B. degree from Amherst College in 1913 and his A.M. degree from Columbia University. After graduating from Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1917 Mr. Leiper was appointed as a missionary to China by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Before proceeding to his post he went to Siberia in 1918 for a term of service under the Army Y. M. C. A. Taking up his work as a missionary at the end of the World War, he lived first in Peking and then in Tientsin. He served as a member of the Governing Board of the China International Famine Commission and as Chinese International Friendship Delegate to Japan in 1921. Since his return to America in 1922 Mr. Leiper has been Assistant Secretary of the American Board and Associate Corresponding Secretary of the American Missionary Association, the latter position bringing him into especially close touch with Negro education and with Oriental groups in the United States. Mr. Leiper is now Editorial Secretary of the National Congregational Commission on Missions.

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G. Q. LE SOURD

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To My Son and Daughter

whose happy companionships
with children of many races
demonstrate for me the nat-
uralness of human friendliness

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Foreword

This isn't a book written from an armchair. It is a record of experience. It represents some years of experimentation. It grows out of prolonged contacts with people of many races—in America, the "land of all nations," and in many other lands both Oriental and Occidental.

The author was born into the family of a Presbyterian missionary to the Cherokee Indians in what was then Indian Territory, now part of Oklahoma. He had his early rides in a covered wagon driven by an Indian. His "nurse-maid" was an Indian boy. His own work since graduation from college has been among the Chinese in China and the Negroes in America almost as much as with Caucasians. Having lived in three states south of the Mason and Dixon line, as well as in several Northern states, he has had the opportunity to become familiar with the varied problems which the race groups of America are called upon to meet. As an officer for several years of the American Missionary Association, which founded Hampton, Fisk, and many other colleges for non-white Americans, he has come into direct contact with Americans of every color and kind.

This volume does not undertake to review the existing manifestations of race prejudice in America, nor to report the working out of laws intended to right existing wrongs. It is purely and simply an attempt to suggest ways of cultivating fair and brotherly personal attitudes. The ideals and ideas incorporated here represent the actual processes by which the author has seen men and women of differing races throughout America and in the lands overseas curing themselves of race prejudice, in the effort to make brotherhood real.

Michael Pupin, the great American scientist, who came here from Serbia as a penniless lad, tells in his life-story, *From Immigrant to Inventor,* of his struggles to overcome the things that block brotherhood. He says, "Racial antipathy is one of the saddest psychic derangements and, although it is a repulsive product of modern nationalism, the world does less than nothing to get rid of its insidious poisons."

Certainly the world talks a lot about race prejudice, and everybody who believes in the ideals of democracy and brotherhood denounces it. Mark Twain says somewhere that "everybody is always talking about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it." As a matter of fact, modern man has practically conquered the weather. The temperature and humidity of our

homes are kept almost constant in winter; increasingly our theaters, at least, are cooled in summer. Our closed cars, subways, sidewalks, paved roads, street cleaning departments, shower baths, and rainproof clothing nullify various unpleasant consequences of the weather. Ice-boxes, refrigerating machines, and canning processes protect our food against the effects of weather. Really, a good deal *has* been done about the weather!

There is much talk these days about race prejudice.

Sherwood Eddy says in his recent book, *Religion and Social Justice,* "Let us ask ourselves whether individually we are prepared to recognize and to endeavor to root out any race prejudice that still lurks within us."

What he implies is, "Let's do something about it!"

What most people find difficult is, first, how to recognize their own prejudices and, second, how to set about "rooting out" the prejudice they discover in their own minds.

This book attempts, among other things, to meet these difficulties.

When a person recognizes in himself symptoms of some defect or abnormality he wants to be cured. The doctor who suggests ways that may lead to a cure is usually able to count on the willing cooperation of the patient.

For example, if your eyes are astigmatic or crossed or near-sighted, you wish them corrected with glasses. What do you do? You seat yourself in a chair and answer the questions the doctor asks you. He makes you find your own trouble first. Then you look through a lot of glasses which he puts before your eyes until you find the ones that seem to you best. You really select the cure yourself with his experience to assist you in the process. Then you undertake to learn to use the new glasses by experience—not his, but your own.

As in the case of physical ailments to bodily organs, the mere wish to be cured of race prejudice is not enough. We cannot lift ourselves by our bootstraps—for one thing none of us have any bootstraps! Race prejudice will not disappear by magic. Education, experience, custom, and social contacts produce it. It does not seem to be inherited; no little child has it. Therefore by controlling self-education, creating certain kinds of experience, establishing new customs and exercising social control, the deep-seated ill effects of race prejudice may be in large part overcome and often completely cured.

Most books on how to cure various human troubles—physical or mental—are written by doctors or experts. But some are written by people who have worked out cures for themselves. Both

kinds of books are needed. This is mainly of the latter kind. For that reason a good deal of it is personal like the testimonials we read about all sorts of cures.

But even the man who gives you his personal testimony becomes a sort of doctor if you think he can help you! A doctor gets his training by studying theory and then trying out various applications of those theories. The author of this book does not claim to be an expert, but he has read a good deal about the theory of race prejudice and he has honestly tried to understand it and the ways of getting rid of it by trying various possible remedies, or by consulting others who have tried them.

By exchanging experiences people help each other in every human undertaking. That is what is intended in this book. Of course, it must be recognized that what helps one may not always help another. But all of the "treatments" for race prejudice here suggested are harmless. Some of them, once begun, will "work while you sleep." They are not scientific in the sense that given the same conditions they will always work. Indeed, where the emotions are concerned, few things wholly scientific can be said about them. Prejudice is pretty much a matter of emotions. But if having come out of careful observation in the laboratory of life makes a thing scientific, then

the kind of thing here suggested as a cure for prejudice partakes of that quality.

The book is not written in an armchair, as was said above. Neither does it contain an armchair philosophy. A "here-am-I-send-him" attitude will not meet the problems of race in the world today.

The book grows out of a belief that something can be done about race prejudice, not only by society in general and by the church as an institution, but also by individual Christians in particular. The desirability of doing something about it is not argued here. It is taken for granted.

These pages reflect a process of adjusting one's inner eyesight to a new and more accurate kind of vision—a brotherly vision free from the distortions of prejudice. Throughout, the viewpoint of Jesus, the Syrian Jew, is taken as "the first great light of all our seeing."

H. S. L.

Chapter I

A POINT OF VIEW

One day I took for a drive in my automobile two Chinese ladies who were guests in my home. To the curious gaze of people on the sidewalk they were just two "little Chinks," conspicuous by reason of their bobbed hair and thoroughly modern attire. A day or two prior to that experience I was walking along the street with a tall, handsome Negro, upon whom the passers-by looked with some curiosity because of his giant frame. But to most of them he was simply a "Nigger." That same week there appeared at Columbia University a man whom I have had the privilege of seeing at work in different parts of the world. He is partly blind in one eye; he is small; he is non-Nordic; he is Japanese. To the crowd in the subway as he went up to Columbia he was just another "Jap."

But if one looks on these four individuals more closely, one finds that in the case of the two Chinese women we have representatives of the tremendously influential student group of that huge Eastern land, one of them the daughter of a former president, the other the daughter of a high

official in the northern part of Manchuria. The former president's daughter was preparing herself to go back to her own province and found a woman's university; her father's millions will make this financially possible. She went to Europe one summer in company with Professor John Dewey of Columbia University to study a number of well-known educational institutions of the European type. It is altogether probable that no individual who saw her in my car that day is destined to make so large a contribution to the progress of the human family as this little Chinese lady; yet for all that, her color and her race make it impossible for some very intelligent people to estimate her at her worth or even to think of her as one hundred per cent human.

The tall Negro gentleman who was walking on the street with me is not "just a Nigger," but a man of wide education who has traveled up and down the world. He has written in a fascinating way of his life and his contact with other people. A leader of his own race, he is likewise recognized as a force in the whole life and work of a great church. He is a gifted speaker and a magnetic leader, and any man who looks upon him with eyes only for his color is sure to be sadly misguided in his estimate of the true place he holds in the building of America tomorrow.

That stocky, half-blind Japanese, who was lec-

turing at Columbia University, is the author of some of the best selling books in the Japanese language. He is the son of a noble family, a graduate of several Japanese and American universities, an editor, social reformer, political and labor leader. At one time after having been imprisoned because of his activities in social reform, he was released, when, to the amazement of the authorities, a petition in his behalf was presented by his fellow citizens in Kobe signed by four thousand of them in their own blood. With an income equaling eight to ten thousand American dollars per year, this man lives in the slums and devotes nearly all of his money to the welfare of his neighbors, the laboring people. Toyohiko Kagawa is—and is not—"just a Jap." He is one of the inspired and inspiring leaders of the human race. His name will be known in future generations as one who helped to solve the problems of an imperfect industrial and social order not in accord with Jesus' way of life. Mr. Kagawa's significance for America is less only than his significance for his own country.

I suppose the "color-blindness" which makes it impossible for some people to view a man or woman like any one of these in his or her true relationship to the building of a better social order is due to persistence in seeing men and women of other races as they may have been in

other generations, and as many of them are in our own time, *i. e.,* in a backward, undeveloped condition. One is reminded of the story of the colored mule driver who was asked by an onlooker whether he was ever kicked by his mule. His reply was, "No." When he noted the surprise with which this reply was received, he added, "But lots of times de mule kicks de place where I has jus' been." We all put our finger, figuratively speaking, on the place where the Negro, or other non-white person, "has just been," but perhaps he is not there any longer!

The consciousness of color and color prejudice which constitutes the blindness, the incorrect vision, of which I have been speaking, is sometimes most easily overcome when one looks at the concrete achievements of great minds of other races. For example, I recall having taken a friend out through the winding alleyways of Peking, through the teeming market-places to the quiet and beauty of the park around the Altar of Heaven. When we stood at last before the magnificent Temple and looked upon the glistening roof of that architectural gem, he turned to me and said, "I will never think about the Chinese as laundrymen and cooks after this. The mind that could conceive, the hand that could execute a work of art like this has some superb quality which from now on I shall recognize for what it is."

One might take as another illustration the marvels which were revealed to the world with the opening by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter of the tomb of Tutankhamen. Little did the average American newspaper reader realize when he gazed with amazement and admiration upon the pictures of intricate and beautiful specimens of a dozen lost arts that he was looking upon the work of dark-skinned Africans. Who can think of the contrast which existed at the time of Tutankhamen between his people and the ancestors of the present white race without realizing the ups and downs of human history, and learning a new reticence for sweeping comparisons on the basis of color? For two thousand five hundred years after Tutankhamen some of my own ancestors in Scotland were cannibals!

Or again, it has been well said that one song by Roland Hayes makes the whole world kin. When a Southern Negro can win his way by the sweet music of his voice into the audience chambers of the kings of Europe, and into the finest concert halls of a dozen nations, he sets at naught for all time the conclusions of the color-blind man or woman who persists in thinking with John C. Calhoun that the Negro is less than human. *Vanity Fair* recently nominated Hayes for the Hall of Fame with these words: "Because he has been acclaimed throughout Europe and America as a

great concert tenor; because he brings to his recitals not only a lyric voice of great flexibility and beauty, but also a scholarly understanding of music and a gracious and compelling interpretation; because he puts to shame the average vocal artist by a positive mastery of the five languages in which he sings; because his singing of the Negro spirituals has in it a quality of revelation; because he is just making his second concert tour of America preparatory to his fifth European tour."

It is even so with the art of H. O. Tanner. He who stands in the Luxembourg and views with critical eye the products of Tanner's hand and brain knows that he is looking upon the immutable evidence of the highest human artistic ability. A new revelation of personality shines through the colors and shadows of "Disciples at Emmaus." The fact that it is the work of a black man only goes to emphasize the fundamental unity of the human family in things æsthetic as well as spiritual.

This is particularly well illustrated by the comment of Mr. Alexander Hogue, writing in the Dallas (Texas) *News* after the exhibition in his city of one great canvas by Mr. Tanner.

"The most unique thing that has ever happened in Dallas' art history is the showing in the Grand Central exhibition at the Scottish Rite

cathedral of a canvas by Henry Owassa Tanner, internationally known America Negro artist and poet.

"Before I go further I wish to say that I am the most Southern of Southern born. My people were slave owners in Louisiana and Mississippi on one side of the family, and Virginians on the other. Now, I can speak freely.

"Henry Owassa Tanner was born in 1859 at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He began with his parents a series of moves about the country which finally landed him in the city of Atlanta. After a time he went back to Pennsylvania to hold an exhibition of his work in Philadelphia, but sales did not materialize, and he was left in debt for his frames. Then it was that a patron bought the entire collection and with this money as a stake Tanner set sail for Rome, January 4, 1891. At thirty-two he had given up ever making anything of his art in this country, but he soon became known in Europe, and after the fame of his religious subjects had spread to America he returned to live and work here, feeling that recognition was assured by previous acclaim. He was right, for the climax of his struggle was capped by his election as associate national academician.

"This brief sketch gives no idea of the hardships and privations endured by Tanner in his struggle for recognition; hardships and priva-

tions that may account for his marvelous feeling for that intangible something in spiritual bliss.

"This is simply to show that art knows no color line and that by refusing to admit this we miss some of the very finest productions in the arts. . . .

"Being a near pauper in this world's goods, I must be content to enjoy for a brief two weeks Tanner's 'Etaples Fisherfolk,' but if I were rich it would remain in Dallas forever."

What this Southern writer manifests by his attitude is a recognition of the fact that when one reaches the higher levels of achievement—the rarefied atmosphere, if you will, of mountain-top experiences—all racial and color lines are gone. It is true in literature, in music, in art, and in the spiritual realm. One has but to think of Confucius, of Moh Di, of Gautama Buddha, or Rabindranath Tagore, or Paul Laurence Dunbar, and scores of other artists and seers of non-white races to realize the essential truth of this.

It ought to be manifest in the twentieth century that we cannot afford to be color-blind if we are to share in the great engineering problems of human progress. It becomes increasingly necessary to recognize the mosaic-like qualities of the social structure of the future, particularly in America. We talk about America as a white country; and so it is—predominantly. But would

you call a dress white if one-tenth of it were black, and that tenth distributed more or less after the fashion of the black dots on dotted swiss? That, to use a crude simile, is how white America is. Then, too, there are red and yellow and brown lines which enhance the complexity of the design. It is a mosaic! It is that on the score of color and, furthermore, the people of Moses contribute a part of the whiteness which is in some ways distinct from the Gentile white inherited principally from northern Europe.

Not only is the distribution of the races a fact to be considered by those who plan for the great structures of future social and economic life, but there is a distribution of talents which must likewise be recognized. The talents of the races vary. Some are rich in one thing and some in another. The patience, the humor, the musical genius of the Negro; the calm poise, the reasonableness, the amazing endurance of the Chinese; the self-control, the contemplative nature, the possibilities of self-abnegation of the Indian; the energy, the resourcefulness and organizing ability of the white man; the marvelous artistic sense, the genius for simplicity, the capacity for adaptation of the Japanese, all of these must be taken into consideration by the engineer who deals in human relations and builds a unit which has for its component parts the various races of the world.

If we have been prejudiced we can reeducate ourselves as to the meaning and influence of color and racial differences. This is being done by increasing groups of young people in certain great race laboratories—for example, in Hawaii, in the densely populated area of every great American city, and in the Southland. In these laboratories various theories are being worked out and results are being achieved from which builders of the future will be able to determine which theories most nearly fit the facts.

There are many who do not know what is happening in these laboratories. With windows shut upon every race that is different from their own, these unfortunate people are victims of blind spots or are to all intents and purposes color-blind. One who cannot see the world through the mind of many races is, in plain fact, a much impoverished modern. Overcoming this handicap is most essential, and at the same time difficult, because, like the man whose physical vision is affected by color-blindness, many of these race prejudiced people do not know that they are color-blind and will not believe the evidence of other people's senses. The engineer who wouldn't believe that a red signal was red would find out his mistake when his engine piled up on an open switch. Color-blind leaders of the color-blind can pile up our civilization on an open switch, and

they will do it unless enabled by those with more correct vision to read the signal lamps on the line of human progress.

Happily for the brotherly world that is to be, the process of reeducation for unprejudiced attitudes is not only a possible one but a very rewarding one. Mr. George L. Collins, who has devoted much time and thought to this whole subject and whose writings should be read by Christians seeking to cure themselves of race prejudice, tells of a Southern girl most enthusiastic over her success in developing a truly Christian attitude toward races other than her own. See how she described her feelings: "In being rid of one's race prejudice," she writes, "one truly begins to enter into the fulness of life. It gives one a feeling of freedom and exultation comparable to that a marathon runner might experience as he found himself suddenly rid of a heavy voluminous cloak and dragging chains. But it goes beyond that, too, because shackles of mind and spirit are far more ruinous than those of the body, and the blossoming of life within oneself when rid of them is commensurately greater."

The point of view of this volume is that such an experience for every follower of Christ is definitely possible if he or she will make a reasonable, honest effort.

If you have followed the line of argument this

far, you may say: Suppose one does seek personal experience that will overcome generalizations, suppose one does try to find the best and not the worst in people of other races, and suppose one actually meets individuals of these other races who are so attractive that they become intimate friends. Isn't this dangerous? People say that the basic reason for keeping unlike races apart—which means developing prejudice and the racial taboo—is to prevent intermarriage which is sure to follow friendly contacts.

Perhaps your particular trouble with race prejudice springs from the feeling that if you are truly friendly with people of races very different from your own the result will be that you will some day want to marry one of them. The reason I say this is simple. You can hardly ever speak about brotherliness across race lines without having someone ask: "Well, but would you want your daughter to marry a Chinese or a Negro?"

There is a serious problem here and we must face it. Before we do, however, let me say that this business of always bringing up the fear of intermarriage as a reason for not being Christian is only partly honest. I call it "the big red herring" which some folks are forever dragging across the trail to genuine friendliness. It is in part what the psychologists would call a defense

mechanism. The people who always harp "would-you-want-your-daughter-to-marry?" are unwilling to try to be brotherly because of their prejudice. They don't want to admit that to themselves, and so they deceive themselves into thinking that their real reason is a very scientific disapproval of mixed marriages.

Now the plain and simple fact is that there are a great many people of *your own* race, not to mention others, whom neither your friends nor your parents would want you to marry. Their reasons are not necessarily unchristian nor unbrotherly. Marriage is a difficult undertaking, even when the two who enter into it are of the same race and culture, with the same education and the same standards of life. It is hard enough to make a happy union, even under the most favorable conditions, as everybody knows who reads the newspapers and counts the divorce cases. Why complicate this difficulty by making at all likely marriage between people of very different race inheritance?

That's a good question, and my own answer to it would be unhesitating. I believe uncompromisingly in the possibility of brotherliness between peoples of all races. I hold just as uncompromisingly to the conviction, born of experience, that young people in every land and of every race would better marry within their own racial group,

or at least among those most closely related to their own.

They don't need me, or anyone else, to urge that, however, for that is what in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand they will do anyway.

The larger questions behind the discussion of intermarriage are really for the scientists to answer. And if you try to find out how they answer you will get a confused chorus in which diametrically opposite views are boldly announced —all in the name of science. After reading a good many books on the subject, I have the impression that there are not enough data on hand for a complete and satisfactory scientific answer. Most of the intermarriage that has taken place between distinctly different races has taken place on a very low level—morally, intellectually, and spiritually. That the results have not been worse is the astonishing thing to me. I know numerous mixed couples—Chinese-American, American-Japanese —in the Orient, who have married on a high level out of choice. What I have seen of the difficulties resulting from such unions by reason of social prejudice directed particularly against the children of mixed blood makes me feel, as I have suggested, that they are unfortunate. But it is not because of the character of the children that I feel so. Some of these children are brilliant; all

of them that I have met are on about the same level as their fathers and mothers. If it were not for social ostracism I believe that their chances of happiness and usefulness anywhere in the world would be as good as those of any children of either race.

Some of the millions of Negroes who have white blood are known to most of us. I know a good many personally. If they could live in a society such as exists in France or in most parts of South America, where a person is accepted for what individually he or she is and not solely for his race, I do not believe that they would be particularly distinguishable from pure race stock.

Since South America is frequently pointed to as a place where intermarriage has had supposedly a bad effect, it is interesting to find the great Lord Bryce of England saying in his *South America*[1] that "the fusion of two parent stocks, one more advanced, the other more backward, does not necessarily result in producing a race inferior to the stronger parent or superior to the weaker. The mestizo in Peru is not palpably inferior in intellect to the Spanish colonial of unmixed blood, but seems to be substantially his equal."

Through no choice of the Negroes, in the days gone by there was a great deal of intermingling

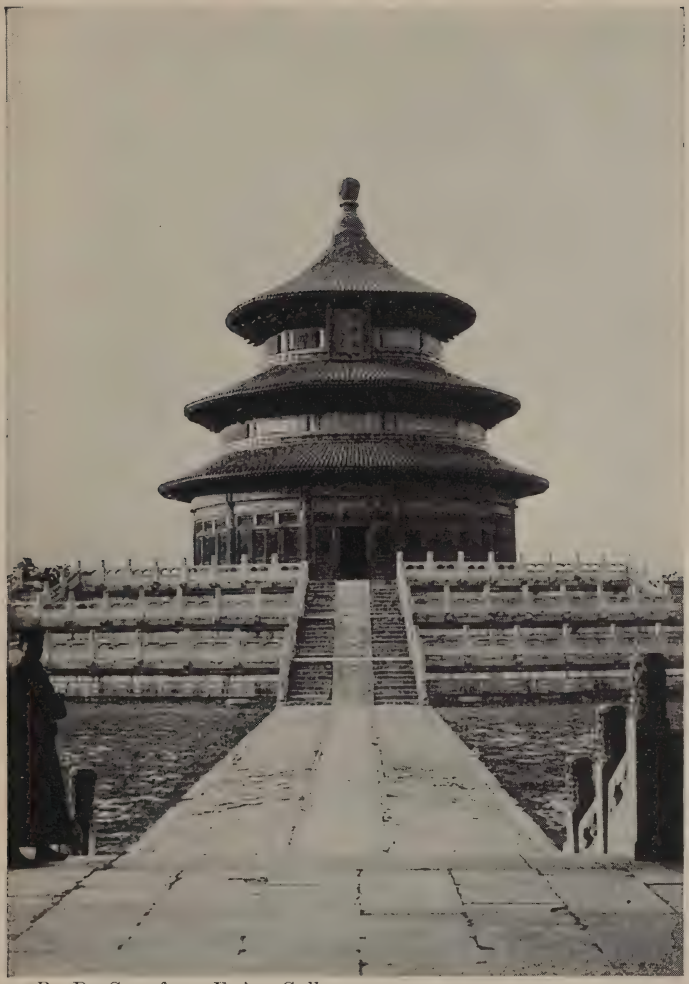
[1] P. 481.

between the Negroes of the South and their white masters. So numerous are the descendants of these unions that they are found almost everywhere among mulattoes. Many of them are biologically white and only psychologically black. The proportion of African blood in their veins is so small by reason of successive generations of marriage between light-colored Negro ancestors that they are indistinguishable from white persons.

Knowing some of these people personally, and observing them, I cannot feel that they suffer any inherent handicaps biologically. But I am sure they do socially and psychologically because of the fixed attitude of society toward them, where their origin is known—an attitude which one cannot feel is likely to change rapidly.

So I say, whatever science may conclude about intermarriage, for the present at least it seems demonstrably unwise and hurtful to the best interests of the varied and distinct race groups of mankind.

But isn't intermarriage inevitable if people of different races do not refrain from having any real friendships? That question is fairly easy to answer on the basis of experience. In certain of the colleges and schools of America, white and colored students have been treating each other without prejudicial distinction for many years—not in all the colleges, of course, but in a good



By De Cou, from Ewing Galloway

The architecture of ancient China, supremely exemplified in the Temple of Heaven, has often helped to turn prejudice into appreciation. There is something about a common interest that unites, and when that common interest is beauty the bond is very real.

"The Disciples at Emmaus," deemed worthy of a place in the Luxembourg, Paris, is the work of the artist, Henry O. Tanner, an American Negro, who had to go to Europe to win recognition.

many. In scores of mission colleges, young white and colored teachers have been associated for years, eating in the same dining halls, sharing the same social environment, treating each other not only with courtesy and respect but with genuine friendliness. All the conditions are present which one would expect to lead to an occasional courtship and marriage. But I have never heard of one.

There are, it seems clear, powerful reasons for regarding intermarriage as unwise. Social customs and tradition are all back of that view. The likelihood of intermarriage resulting between unlike groups is not necessarily increased by the adoption of an attitude of friendliness and goodwill, with perfect respect for personality on both sides. Pride of race is growing, rather than diminishing, all over the world, and this makes it less and less likely that individuals of unlike races will look favorably upon marriage.

One is, however, inclined to agree with the conclusion of Mr. J. H. Oldham of London, who says, in his book, *Christianity and the Race Problem,* "If, with their eyes open to the consequences, individuals decide to make the adventure [of intermarriage] there seems to be no reason why they should not exercise their choice. . . . The basal constitution of the human mind is the same in all races. Race does not in itself constitute an

insuperable barrier to the most intimate mutual understanding. Marriage between those who belong to different races but are in mind and temperament suited to one another may prove far happier than many ill-assorted unions between members of the same race. Liberty and originality have a high social value, and such marriages may also contribute something to that deeper mutual understanding between different races which is indispensable if the peoples of the world are to live together in harmony."

It must be said in all frankness that there are worse things in the world than occasional intermarriages between unlike races. Race prejudice is one of them. Like a cancer it eats at the vitals of society. Like a cloud it hangs over the road to peace and good-will.

Suppose we assume that you claim to follow the Master who called *all* men brethren. Do you honestly think that if you are deliberately friendly with young people of other races and treat them as their personalities deserve, you will soon be fighting the temptation to fall in love with some one of them? The average honest answer to that will probably be "No."

Are you justified in letting a prejudiced world draw this "big red herring" across the trail to brotherliness? You'll have to answer that for yourself. For one, if I were to yield to that fear

I would at least quit claiming to follow the Syrian Jew who says, "If you love me keep my commandments—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Chapter II

WHERE ARE YOUR BLIND SPOTS?

THE STORY is told of a little colored chap who one day went into a grocery store and asked if he could use the telephone. The grocer knew him and said, "Why, yes, James, certainly."

Then he heard this one-sided conversation:

"Hello, is that you, Mrs. Jones?"—"I understand that you like to have a boy working for you around your place, to cut the grass and tend to the chickens and the fires?"—"Oh, you have a boy working for you now?"—"Is he perfectly satisfactory?"—"Oh, he's very satisfactory. I see. Thank you, Mrs. Jones. Good-bye."

As he started out of the store the grocer said, "If you are looking for a job, James, perhaps I can give you one."

"Oh, no, thank you, I'm working for Mrs. Jones. I was just checking up on myself."

Checking up on yourself is not always so easy as it proved for James. But it is always worth while. Since we are to think now about what might be called mental blind spots, and to try to see what blind spots we may have in our own inner vision, we may begin checking up on our

outer vision. The result may provide us with some useful information and illustrate how blind spots may exist without our knowing it.

If a person has never been told that he has a blind spot in each eye he is not likely to believe it until he has "checked up on himself" to find out. I have just stopped writing this long enough to try out my own eyes once more.

Sure enough! The unbelievable happens. I put a dot on a page, and holding it about eight inches away from one eye I close the other. Looking with fixed gaze straight ahead at the page in general—not moving my eye to follow the dot—I shift the page slowly around until suddenly the dot disappears.

Why? My oculist tells me that it is because there is a blind spot in each eye.

You have one in each of your eyes, though you may not believe it until you prove it to yourself. Even when you try to find your blind spot your eye may try to fool you. It will want to follow the dot and help you prove to your satisfaction that there is no blind spot. See if it is not so!

As was suggested in the foregoing discussion of the point of view of this book, most of us have mental blind spots. We cannot see certain things that have to do with races unlike our own. And like the physical blind spots, these mental blind spots are not always easy to detect. Our tempta-

tion is almost unconsciously to shift our vision—or our arguments—and thus to fool ourselves into the comfortable belief that we have no blind spots.

Some of us, we might say, are color-blind. Color-"blindness" is not actual blindness. It varies a good deal. But it always results in failure properly to evaluate certain colors, or to detect their real meaning.

Four out of every hundred men, on the average, have this defect of physical vision. If only that many had it in the figurative sense in which we are dealing with it here, there would be no reason for writing this book or any like it. Unfortunately it is very common. And the people who have it for the most part don't know it.

Color-blindness of the physical sort is at present incurable. But mental color-blindness has only to be recognized to make the beginning of a cure possible, provided, of course, the patient wants to be cured.

Blind spots do not trouble you because your two eyes supplement each other. Two views are better than one! What one misses the other supplies. There is a parable here as applied to our subject. More will be said about its application from time to time as we proceed.

When anyone asks you the question, "Are you race prejudiced?" what do you say? Perhaps you say "yes" because you know you are, or because

you feel certain that you cannot pose as being free from something which you are told is very widespread, even though you may not be sure just how your particular case of prejudice operates. Perhaps you say "no," and yet do not look within your own personality carefully enough to be sure whether you are really as free as you think.

The very fact that so much prejudice is unconscious makes it dangerous for any of us to assert too boldly that we have none. I for one have been consciously fighting against it for more than twenty years, trying by processes and experiments, which I shall pass along as suggestions to you, to get rid of it. Sometimes I think I have, and then an unexpected situation arises involving a member of some race different from my own and I get twinges of the old trouble!

This is to confess that the process of curing race prejudice has to be continuous, and can never be considered as complete for all time. You are constantly in the presence of "infection"; the social environment of your life is saturated with the germs of it. Every newspaper you read displays it.

A good plan, then, would be to test yourself frequently to see whether there are blind spots in your vision as you look upon other people.

Do you take it as a matter of course that cer-

tain races are the subjects of discrimination in the customs of your town? Do you let the race of a person determine what little acts of courtesy you will perform for him or her? For example, do you—if you are a man—take off your hat in an elevator when a white woman steps in and keep it on if a colored woman gets in? Do you give up your seat in a car for a Nordic and let a Polish woman stand? Do you say, when a crime is reported by some Italian, Turk, Mexican, or Negro: "Oh, you've got to expect that! They're all that way"? Do you think that people of races different from your own would all like to be members of your race? Are you surprised when one of them does something fine in art or in science or in business? Does the color of a person's skin determine whether you will or will not eat with that person?

If the answer to those questions and others like them is "Yes," then yours is a pretty clear case of race prejudice.

Test yourself to find out just what your particular kinds of prejudice are. Knowing just what to try to cure is a good step toward cure, if that's what you are seeking—as you must be if you will take time to read this book! Facing the facts as to what prejudice is helps some people both to understand themselves and to reeducate themselves in unprejudiced attitudes.

Prejudice, one must admit, is hard to define. Strictly speaking, it includes the idea of making up one's mind in advance, judgment before experience rather than after it. A person who has race prejudice, then, would be one who judged individuals or groups of another race not on the basis of experience but in advance of any direct experience.

That is part of the story, but it is not all; for some race prejudice is not so much prejudice as antipathy, developing out of certain kinds of unpleasant experience. The natives of the Hawaiian Islands who received the first white explorers as gods and worshiped them were favorably prejudiced on account of the race of the unknown strangers. Later, when these strangers proved to be not gods but cruel and heartless villains ready to take advantage of the trusting natives, there came a new attitude—one of antipathy based on experience. Whereas they had been prejudiced in favor of the white men they became for a time prejudiced against them. This was changed, as a matter of history, not by chance but by more experience of a different kind, with friendly white people who came as missionaries. Prejudice either for or against passed into understanding and discriminating judgment. Some white men were bad; some were good.

If your kind of prejudice is strictly prejudice—

judgment before experience—the cure of it is to be found, if anywhere, in experience. If your prejudice is really antipathy—a feeling of dislike based on unpleasant experience—then the only cure must likewise come not from "kidding" yourself into a new attitude, but by seeking fuller experience. It was fuller experience which changed the prejudice of the Hawaiians against all white people into a discriminating understanding. They found out that just because a man was white he was not therefore necessarily godlike nor necessarily cruel and heartless.

To take another example of the cure of prejudice which is really antipathy, I may give as illustrative the case of an intimate friend of mine. In early youth she had a very unpleasant and disgusting experience with a low and beastly Negro. The impression made upon her was so vivid that for years she experienced a distinct revulsion of feeling in the presence of any member of that race. But as she grew older she forced herself carefully to observe colored people of a fine type; both simple folk who had never had a chance at the advantages of life, but who were clean-minded and high-souled, and cultured people whose attainments mentally and spiritually placed them at the opposite end of the human scale from the vicious figure of her early memory. Then she came to have some friends among cultured

Negroes, and gradually the old antipathy faded away. Her experience showed her that neither prejudice nor antipathy which brands as undesirable every member of a race is supported by all the facts.

How this worked out in the case of another is likewise to the point. In early youth she had a French-Canadian nurse whom she violently disliked. From that time on for years she was prejudiced against all French Canadians. The time came when she felt that this was neither sensible nor Christian, but her feeling was so strong that she could not change it by simply wishing. As it happened, she lived in a community where there were no French Canadians and there was little chance for her to experiment in contacts with any of that group. Then one time she was asked to attend a convention in Canada. Very sensibly she asked that if possible she be assigned for entertainment to the home of some French Canadians. The hospitality committee complied with her wish and she spent several days in a delightful home with people who, she discovered, were quite the opposite of the mental picture she had formed of French Canadians on the basis of a past unpleasant incident.

Very rewarding as a method of detecting race prejudice is the practice of watching ourselves to see how we tend to act toward classmates, busi-

ness associates, or fellow travelers on cars and trains who happen to be *plainly* of a race different from our own.

Emphasis is put on that word *plainly* because if you can't see the racial differences you are quite likely to be unconscious of them. We shall have more to say about this very significant fact a little later in this chapter.

When I was in college I remember seeing a great deal of the Polish people who lived on the New England farms around the town in which my own English and Scottish ancestors had settled before the middle of the seventeenth century. The Polish immigrants worked in the fields barefooted—men, women, and children. They had few advantages of education or money. As they rode on the street cars along with our college crowd, I knew that we felt ourselves to be superior. Many of them were Catholics; we were Protestants. They were dressed in what we considered poor taste; we were fairly well satisfied with our own clothes when we looked into the mirror. We got a lot of fun out of seeing the young couples out for trolley rides, particularly on Sundays. The girls apparently took the men home. We thought that was "crazy." Other customs of theirs struck us as being "un-American." The situation being what it was, we had no personal friends among them. As I look back

I cannot recall having known any of them well enough to do more than pass the time of day with them in a wholly casual way.

Now I know that I was prejudiced against them. I am sure I was not conscious of it then. Nobody told me, and naturally they did not give any sign that they felt the discriminations constantly made against them. Since then, however, I have learned to know some Polish people—not only farmers, but artists, writers, business people, and one wonderful physician.

I wish now that someone had suggested that I watch my reactions to them in college days. If I had forced myself to give a reason for some of the things I felt, there would have been many modifications in the prejudice which governed my thinking of them. For one thing, I realize that had any members of that race lost the customs which made them conspicuously different, or had they dressed as the rest of us did—as of course many of them did without my knowing it—I would not have known that they were Polish. Of course, much of my prejudice would have disappeared automatically, as it has since for other reasons.

The reason for mentioning my early experience with Polish people here is simply to illustrate how unconscious much of our prejudice is and how it can be affected by deliberately calling it before our critical faculties for examination.

Are you mixing folks up? For example, confusing Chinese and Indians? It has been done!

One of my most intimate Chinese friends has been here in America studying. I asked him once if many people called him "Chink" or treated him unkindly on account of his race. He said that most frequently he was asked if he were an American Indian! If he were to go to the parts of this country where Chinese are well thought of and Indians are treated with contempt by white men—and such places exist—he would be the victim of discrimination, not because of his being Chinese, but because of his being an Indian, which of course he is not.

Are the people who think him a redskin color-blind? Certainly they are misinterpreting color, that is obvious. The color they plainly see does not mean what they think it means. Are you letting yourself misinterpret color in ways like this?

A certain student went to a conference where he met a fellow delegate who seemed to him interesting and attractive. They got along splendidly. Then one day after they had become better acquainted, the student said to his friend: "You got a fine coat of tan this summer!" "That isn't tan," came the reply. "That is my regular color. I am a Negro."

It is gratifying to be able to say, for this is a true story, that the white student did not let this

fact make any difference outwardly in his companionship, although he said later that it did make a sort of difference inwardly of which he felt ashamed. Another case of color-blindness? It seems safe enough to call it that, for once more the color did not mean what the man seeing it thought it did.

Perhaps, if you are white, one of the assumptions that underlies whatever color prejudice you may have is that the white race is the major part of the human family—and all other races represent a sort of "mistake" of evolution. If most of the people you see are white and the folk of other colors are in the minority, it is perhaps natural to make such an assumption. "Out of sight out of mind" is an old and psychologically correct statement.

But nearly two-thirds of the members of the human family, as a matter of fact, are non-white. As Abraham Lincoln said about the common people—"God must have loved them he made so many of them," so we must say about the non-white peoples of earth.

You can't be forever carrying around consciously in your mind a lot of statistics about the numbers of different races. It would not help if you did. But the point is that a plain facing of the facts helps to correct a false assumption which you may have been making unconsciously

and which may have led to certain kinds of prejudice.

In this connection one might recall the ancient Indian legend of creation. According to it the Creator made the first man out of clay and then baked him in a furnace. When he took him out he was black. The Creator was disappointed. He had left him in too long and he was overdone. So he made another man of clay and put him into the furnace. This time fear lest he bake too long led to his being taken out in a short time. When this one came out he was white. Again the Creator was disappointed. Taking a third batch of clay he made yet another man and put him in to bake. Experience helped. He left him in neither too long nor too short a time. When he came out he was a lovely reddish brown. The Creator was satisfied, as he had gotten just the right "skin color" for mankind.

A silly, primitive tale, you say? Perhaps. But back of it there is a profound truth. The truth bears not on the Creator and his mysteries but upon the viewpoint of man regarding color. His own is right, all others are wrong!

China provides a further illustration of just this point. In his excellent book on race, *Of One Blood,* Dr. Robert E. Speer tells of a meeting in China which was addressed by a Chinese speaker. In the course of his talk he said: "There are five

The scientific, humanitarian, and heroic possibilities of the Japanese were personified in Doctor Hideyo Noguchi, who gave his life in Africa seeking to cure yellow fever. To know him was to discount all detractors of his race.

International Newsreel

Dr. Michael Pupin. The story of the Serbian shepherd boy who migrated to America and won distinction as a scientist suggests the values that lie hidden in the personality of many an immigrant who needs only appreciative friendliness to inspire him.

great races in the world. These are the white colored race, the red colored race, the brown colored race, the black colored race, and the skin colored race." Naturally—and I am sure you will agree quite properly—the "skin colored" race to a yellow man is his own.

A clerk in a drug store serving all mankind, if asked for "flesh-colored" talcum powder, would have to ask: black, red, brown, yellow, or white? It would not be a joke but a necessary and scientifically accurate sort of question.

"What difference does this make to my own prejudice?" you ask. It may make none. But if you think it over and let it work upon your attitudes, it will make a good deal. At least it has made a good deal of difference to the writer and some of his friends who have tried the experiment of getting the world-view of color instead of the provincial view.

Here is still a further consideration connected with the existence of numerous shades of "skin color." There is a subtle support given your own feeling of racial superiority by the thought that most other races—certainly the dark ones—envy you your color and would like to exchange colors with you. Haven't you sometimes thought that? Certainly I did for a number of years. I recall now reading when in college Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." In it there is the

statement that "even the black Australian dying hopes he shall return a white."

I have never met a black Australian, either living or dying. But I have a suspicion that Tennyson was wrong. Certainly I know this to be true: applied generally, the assumption Tennyson made is not supported by the facts. Here and there a dark-skinned person living among whites, smarting under the rank injustice done him, the disadvantages caused, solely on account of his color, may wish he could be rid of it. But note that what even he essentially wants is not a different color but a different chance in life. The average self-respecting person of any race is proud of his racial characteristics and wants to exchange with no one.

Am I exaggerating when I say that most white people don't know that? They have never heard the American Indian or the Chinese make fun of what to them is a sickly unnatural color, nor have they considered the implications of the old story about the Negro mammy who said of her former charge grown to manhood: "Mr. George am the finest kind ob genl'man. He may hab a white skin but he sho'ly has a black heart!" What they read in the papers strengthens their conceit as to the envy felt of their color by black folk. For example, during a recent trial in the courts where a Negro doctor was called to the witness stand

and asked the usual questions before being sworn in, the newspaper reporter commented: "Seemingly with pride he admitted that he was a Negro." To the reporter and probably to most of his readers there would be no reason why a Negro should be proud of his race. There is every reason in God's good world why he should!

Again, let each one of us ask himself: "Does my prejudice express itself in an indulgent, condescending manner toward people of races I feel to be less favored than my own? Do I carry around a comfortable superiority complex and look upon these other peoples with a patronizing air?"

This is important to know, because of the fact that this kind of prejudice often can produce the bitterest feeling, particularly among the finer spirits of the races subject to it. It stings and burns. It is more and more resented. I think of the Oriental who wrote of his resentment that anybody who did not genuinely like him should "love him for Jesus' sake." "Take back some of your love and give us a little justice" is the way I heard another Chinese voice this same feeling at a great gathering of Americans. I have talked with other Orientals who feel only bitter scorn because some, even among the missionaries, say that they "love" these Orientals but will not eat with them. A remarkably brilliant young Ameri-

can Indian, while a graduate student in Chicago, told me of his suffering under the patronizing attitude of certain of the very people who had been his friends. Said he, "They tell me, 'All Indians are lazy and dishonest. We expect you to be like a white man.' Evidently they think that I have not seen hundreds of lazy, dishonest white men!" Perhaps you can get his point of view from this little incident which was called to my attention a few months ago by a home missionary among the Indians:

"The other day," he said, "I was asked to baptize the baby of a mixed-blood girl, who married a white man. I went to their home, but found that her husband was out. Upon my suggestion to wait with the baptism until some other time when the baby's father was also at home, the grandmother, herself a full-blood Indian, answered me in the Dakota language: 'Oh, no, he doesn't care about such things. He is a real white man.' Too many people out here confirm this woman's impression that real white men have nothing to do with the church. We missionaries are the rare exception in their minds if, indeed, we are not considered Indians ourselves!"

One who studies the matter suspects that part of the occasional bitterness toward missionaries, which is so hard for good Christians in America to understand, arises because here

and there among them are found people who have never realized that race prejudice lies beneath a certain condescending attitude which they unconsciously adopt. Recently I saw a letter from a good lady in Africa who stated that the sending of colored Americans as missionaries to Africa under her mission board made difficulty. "We have to receive them as our colleagues at our homes. If we do that, it makes it awkward not to receive our African people, too, and of course we can't do that!"

When I run across such things—and they are, let me remind you, exceptional among missionaries, who, for the most part, are the greatest advocates of brotherliness alive—I am forced to think of the answer Dr. Cadman gave not long ago to a question asked him at one of his meetings. "What am I to do," said a man present, "when I get to Heaven and find there a lot of Chinks and Niggers and Dagoes whom I detest?" "Don't worry, friend," said Dr. Cadman. "If that's the way you feel, you probably will never get there!"

If you have read thus far thoughtfully and with a willingness to make an honest examination of your own mind, you will perhaps know by this time—if you did not know before—where consciously or unconsciously you have been showing race prejudice. To know this is a good starter

toward conquering the most serious manifestations of unbrotherliness.

Perhaps we can now see how our own symptoms of color-blindness are related to the world epidemic of it which has followed the rise of nationalism. For this mental and spiritual disease, like some that might be mentioned in the physical realm, is comparatively new. Historians going back to ancient records tell us that they cannot find so much of it in past ages. Prejudices there were then, of course, antipathies and hatreds, but race prejudice in its modern form seems not to have existed.

Race prejudice is not only with us of the white race here in America, it is to some degree universal. That is what makes the struggle against it so hard. That is also what makes it so important.

But there is some comfort in the fact that prejudice is so widespread, at least in its general characteristics if not in its intensity. Strange as it may seem, some of us have found our own pet prejudices disappearing as we cultivated the consciousness that they were not unique. Perhaps one reason for this is that race prejudice, as has already been pointed out, often represents a defense mechanism. I have known of underprivileged white people who, seeing prosperous and cultured Negroes, tell themselves—"It doesn't

matter. We are better off than they are because we are not black." However, you may never have had that kind of experience. You may never have felt prejudice on racial grounds against a person to whom you had to look up because of his superior intelligence, or attainments, but to whom you did not *want* to look up because of his race. If that should happen to you, it might be helpful, for the pure "cussedness" of it would probably be apparent to your sense of humor!

Now it would seem in the light of these facts that one trouble with many of our efforts to deal with race prejudice is due to our failure to recognize its universal character. If you look down on another simply because of his race, subconsciously assuming that he envies you your racial distinction, only to discover later on that he feels the same way about you, it may irritate you, but it will tend to break the fetters of race prejudice —for then it may dawn on you that you are both victims of a common delusion. Recognize it for a delusion and it will lose its power over you.

Perhaps what is meant by this universality of race prejudice needs some illustration. Once when I was talking with a Japanese friend in Japan about the relations between China and his country, he said to me: "One trouble in having better relations between us is that we Japanese always see down on the Chinese." What he meant

was, of course, that they "look down" on them. He was surprised when I assured him that the same difficulty existed across the China Sea where about a quarter of the human race is "looking down" on the Japanese. Here is another illustration: a Negro pastor in New Orleans told me that on one occasion when he was away for a Sunday he invited an Italian to preach for him. When he returned he was confronted with the angry protest of some influential members of his congregation. They said: "Do you mean to say that this church has fallen so low that we've got to have a Dago in our pulpit?" Again, you would realize something of the universality of race prejudice if you were to go to some Oriental land where white people are looked upon as inferior because of their race. I shall illustrate that more fully later on from my own experience in China.

Ask yourself therefore: if I feel that the prejudice of other groups toward each other or toward me on account of race is unreasonable, may it not be that any prejudices I may have toward them on the same ground are equally unreasonable?

Finally, for we must not drag out to too great lengths this process of examining the nature of our prejudices, it may be helpful to find out, if we can, how many of them rest upon things that we can see. Professor Park, who has written much on this subject, says, "Race prejudice is a

function of the high visibility of difference." By that he means, of course, that differences in color, slanting eyes, thick lips, kinky hair, and certain kinds of noses are the principal signs that commonly excite the response of antipathy or hostility. If you were blindfolded, all of these things would be indistinguishable.

Did you ever think of the curious fact that if you were blind you would have to get someone to tell you the race of most individuals you might meet—assuming, of course, that there was nothing in their speech to give a hint of any difference in race? But the fact is that a great many of the ordinary prejudices that divide the human family would disappear if the gift of sight were to be suddenly taken from us.

Strange, isn't it? And doesn't it seem rather weak and childish—not to say unreasonable and unchristian—for us to let differences that are primarily visible and superficial raise such violent emotions within us? Do we want to let the gift of sight cheat us of the gift of brotherhood?

Even sight isn't worth such a price.

Chapter III

ARE YOU A VICTIM OF THE CASTE DELUSION?

SUPPOSE YOU were to walk down a street in India. Here and there you would see poor wretches slinking along carefully avoiding all others on the street. Were you to ask who these are, you would be told that they are outcastes. This does not mean that they have lost caste and been thrown out; but rather that they have been born into a group that is below the level of even the lowest castes and are outside of all recognized social groups. To the well in the center of the village caste members may go for their water supply, but outcastes cannot touch that water; they must find some muddy hole beyond the village. Should the shadow of one of these unfortunate people—man, woman, or child—fall upon the food of a person of caste, that food must be immediately thrown away. The person upon whom the shadow has fallen is unclean and must wash at once to remove the pollution supposed to come from the shadow.

All of this is not a game. It is perfectly serious. If people try to break with these customs it may mean death.

The other day I sat in a great church and heard a man who holds a Ph.D. from a leading American university speak eloquently to an American audience. He happens to have been picked up as a child from an outcaste group in India. He had a brilliant mind that responded to education and training. Now that he is a cultured gentleman, the only thing that makes him seem queer to some Americans is his color and the fact that he does not like "hot dogs."

Back in his home village he is still regarded as an outcaste. He was born to be a scavenger. He ought to be one now. That is "his place." If his neighbors had the power, they would force him to be one. The only way he can get out of that condition, from their point of view, is to die. Then he may be reborn into some caste, or he may have bad luck and go the other way, so to speak, coming forth as a lower animal.

The stigma which attaches to the outcaste, like that which keeps the various castes apart, is real to the people who believe in the system. They cannot be convinced by argument or demonstration that there is nothing in it. They have been accustomed to thinking of it, and it continues to be real to them.

Probably you instinctively say, "What rot it all is! How can human beings with any sense do such ridiculous and terrible things. They ought

to know that there is nothing in those rigid divisions of society. Why doesn't someone tell them?"

This is not a discussion of caste in India! It is intended to be a discussion of race prejudice in America. But the reason for going out to India for this illustration of caste is that in this chapter we are to discover that psychologically much of our prejudice is exactly like caste. We laugh at the "poor ignorant Indian with his silly caste notions," but we, without his excuse of ignorance, have customs psychologically similar.

To assign a person a certain unchanging place in life merely on account of his race or color is essentially to adopt *caste*. By no stretch of logic can one who claims to follow Jesus build up a Christlike argument to support that practice. Yet we, as Christians living in a Christian land, are exceptional if we have not heard people talk about members of certain races keeping "in their place."

In the atmosphere which I absorbed as a boy there was an assumption that an Indian, a Negro, a Pole, a Swede, or a Chinese, was all right "in his place." And the assumption was always that "his place" was something menial; or if not that, at least something very different from the place of a cultured person dealing with life's higher values.

I can distinctly remember hearing warmly approving words spoken of Booker T. Washington, the greatest Negro leader and educator of the late nineteenth century, because it was assumed (wrongly, as everybody now knows) that he advocated only such education as would fit members of his race for menial positions.

Most white people then thought, and a good many still think, of keeping the Negro tenth of America in the ditch, or at least in some place adjacent to the ditch. As Dr. Washington once pointed out, to keep them in the ditch, white people will have to stay with them, spiritually if not economically or politically. The same ditch assignment is handed to Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese, and Mexicans by some people in our country, and to Armenians, Bohemians, and Portuguese by other people.

There is as plain a case of caste distinction as you can hope to find, even though it does not go to such extremes as caste in India. It differs in degree but very little in kind.

A person really anxious to be brotherly can find few things that will help him more in this connection than a plain realization of the thing to which society may be blinding him through certain caste customs. He does not question them until it is suggested to him that he do so.

According to Jesus, the destiny of every human

being is to become consciously a member of the world-wide family of God. To be sure, Jesus recognized differences in people. But to him the differing position of different individuals is to be determined not by race but by capacity, aptitudes, character, and attitudes.

The story of the Good Samaritan is an excellent example of how Jesus looked at race. Perhaps the bitterest race prejudice of the day was that existing between Jews and Samaritans. "The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans" is the simple statement of the Bible record. But Jesus, teaching the implications of true neighborliness, selects as his hero not a Jew but a Samaritan. Here was one who, the Jews felt, "should keep his place." Yet he was held up to them as an example of the human quality Jesus rated highest!

According to the view of the Jews of that time —and of some of us now—neighborliness operates in an area with distinct limits. To Jesus—and to us if we would follow him—it signifies a spirit and suggests unlimited opportunity.

What does caste do to true neighborliness in your town, your school, the office where you work? If you meet a Chinese, must he be a laundryman, a restaurant keeper, or a suspicious character such as we have all seen in the movies? If you meet an Italian, must he be a bootblack? If you

meet a Greek, must he be a fruit dealer? Should every Negro be a laborer?

Perhaps because of circumstances for which you are not responsible you have developed habits of thinking that may incline you to answer to some of those questions, "Yes, why not?" If so, and if on reflection you agree that these habits of thinking are first cousin to India's caste psychology, then you will set out to find ways to free yourself from the tyranny of caste distinctions—not the distinctions placed on you by others (and there may be such) but the ones placed, perhaps only half consciously, on others by you.

One of the most common caste prohibitions in twentieth-century America is put upon a white person's shaking hands with a colored person.

Before we look at the experiences of some who have rid themselves of this particular superstition, suppose we examine for a minute the custom itself.

Why do you ever shake the hand of a person on meeting him or her? Why don't you shake your own hand? A quarter of the human race does that. Why don't you rub noses? Some tribes still do that.

I happen to know why I shake hands simply because in China some of my students asked me and I had to find out. It seems that in the days of old when arms were carried by all the custom

grew up among our ancestors of relinquishing the sword and extending the sword hand to a newcomer as a sign that he was regarded as friend, not foe. Just as the placing of two buttons on the back of a man's dress suit has come down to us from the days when they were used to button on the sword-belt, so this hand-shaking custom has lived long after the habit of carrying swords has been abandoned.

Coupled with this "anti-handshake" caste prohibition is the "anti-Mister-Mrs.-Miss" prohibition which prevents many white Americans from calling any dark-skinned person (unless known *not* to be of African descent) by an ordinary title of mere politeness.

On the day on which I write this the newspapers announce the death of the first graduate of one of our great colored colleges in America. He was a teacher, a government employee, a successful business man, but even though he leaves $100,000 to his Alma Mater most newspapers will not call him "Mister." Instead, they fall back on "Professor," which, be it noted, does not come under the caste distinction. You may call a Negro "Professor," "Doctor," "Uncle," and "Aunt," anywhere in America; but watch out for the "Mister" in some places! Use it and discover what the mysterious forces of caste can be even among a sane and nominally Christian people.

You may not be a victim of these particular caste notions. But whether you are or not, you will be interested in the story of how one friend of mine got rid of his fear of them.

We will call him Mr. Smith. He is a prominent man in Georgia, member of an old family which long held slaves. He told me the story himself, so that I know it is true in all particulars. During the Great War he was asked by a certain Northern white friend to meet an eminent Negro leader. This man said to Mr. Smith: "I will not introduce this colored college friend of mine to you unless you will promise to say 'Mister' to him and shake hands with him as you would with any other friend of mine." Mr. Smith had never shaken hands with any colored person, though he had been brought up by a colored nurse and played with colored children when a lad. To him the act was unthinkable. But for certain business reasons he wanted to meet this colored man. Furthermore, the friend who offered to introduce him was a close and intimate associate.

"So," said Mr. Smith, "I thought it all over and finally decided to accept his proposition."

The meeting took place. Mr. Smith shook hands and said "Mister." That night he woke up with a cold shiver running down his back at the thought of how he had broken caste customs. Thoughts of the terrible consequences which he

had been taught to suppose would follow began to torment him. Then suddenly the realization came over him that the whole sorry business was nothing but an out-and-out survival of superstition, modernized and dressed up to look reasonable. From that day onward he was no longer a victim.

How could you duplicate this experiment which so much helped Mr. Smith? Certainly not by seeking artificially an occasion for shaking hands with some member of a race you may have been regarding with prejudice. But might it not be possible for you to begin readjusting your inner viewpoint on the subject? That, after all, is the most important part. Merely forcing yourself to shake hands with someone will not make your feelings or his any more brotherly—indeed, it might do just the opposite.

Suppose you could bring yourself to this position on the matter: If under given circumstances I would naturally shake hands with Mr. Blank, if he were white, I will do the same if he happens not to be white but is yellow, red, brown, or black. If you can't honestly say that, wouldn't you at least agree that it is a sort of acid test of one's own degree of enslavement to caste prejudice?

In the case of Mr. Smith he tells me that his breaking away from caste restraint, by shaking hands with Negroes and using in conversation

the ordinary terms of polite address, brought none of the consequences he had been taught to expect. His social standing was not seriously hurt, his real friends did not ostracize him, and his business was not injured. That was ten years ago. Today Mr. Smith will tell you that he is profoundly glad he broke with caste customs. He says it was the beginning of his seeing a whole world that he had not previously known.

Somewhat different was the experience of another man whom we will call Mr. Jones. The way I found out about it was unexpected and interesting.

It happened that Mr. Jones and I were seated side by side at a dinner party. We had never met before. Our conversation ranged around many subjects. We got along beautifully. Then suddenly, he asked what my work was. At the time I was a secretary of a missionary society working mainly with Negro Americans. I had noted from his accent that he was a Southerner. So I said: "I am afraid that if I tell you what I am doing you will find me less congenial, and we may get into some hot arguments."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "suppose you take a chance?"

I told him the facts.

"A few years ago that would have made me feel differently toward you," he began, and then

laughed. "But now it interests me very much. Tell me about your work."

I talked a bit about it and how, as one who had lived in both the North and South, I viewed the race problem of America, after having seen it in perspective from the other side of the world. Then I asked him: "What changed you? You don't seem to be bothered with race prejudice toward the Negro now."

This was his story:

"I went to a school up North. One year soon after school opened we were in a certain class when a Negro student came in. The professor looked around and saw that the seat next me was empty. He told the Negro to sit there. I got up indignantly and said, 'I'll be damned if I'll sit beside a nigger.' I looked around to see what I supposed would be glances of approval from the other students. But few showed any sympathy with my difficulty. The colored boy sat elsewhere and the class went on.

"Soon I began to watch that Negro with surprise. He was a better student than I; he was musical and gifted in other ways. He made friends fast. I told myself that his ability must be due to some white blood in his veins, for I had been taught that the skull of a Negro is extra thick and that he could not get a higher education because he has nothing to carry it home in. Then

I found out that this lad was a pure African from Africa, the son of a native ruler.

"Gradually I found my prejudice against him lessening and finally I went to him and apologized for the way I had acted when he first came. He was awfully decent about it. From then on I began to get acquainted, and finally he came to be a good friend of mine.

"The result of that experience was to change my whole attitude."

He proved it by telling me of what the organization with which he is now connected is doing with and for Negro groups in this country.

One such experience can often start a cure of caste. In America, North or South, some such experience is not outside the range of possibilities for those who care to seek it.

It helps to rid ourselves of caste and the prohibitions attaching to it if we once see how utterly ludicrous the whole business is. I am going to relate several further incidents that show something of the way in which caste operates in America, particularly where the Negro is concerned; for while he is not the only victim, he is the most obvious one.

Head-gear has a lot to do with it. One Negro I know, a college graduate and a writer, tells of an experience he once had on a transcontinental train. None of the white passengers would have

anything to do with him and as the days wore on he became hungry for companionship and conversation. Finally he went to the porter and borrowed an extra porter's cap which the man had. Going to another Pullman where his face would not be familiar, he soon was seated with a group of white men talking about all sorts of things! With the porter's cap on he was all right. Why? Because it was a badge of servility? Yes and no. Mainly because of caste thinking or subconscious emotions, which were somehow put to sleep by the sight of a cap.

Does head-gear affect you that way?

Halls have something to do with it. A great Negro college recently invited a number of prominent white people to visit it. After some of the college functions were over, the guests learned by a sort of hinting process that the colored president and his wife were at home. There was no reception announced, no formal invitation. They went to the president's house and there found the president and his wife in the hall. They did not shake hands but bowed as the guests came in. The parlor was just beyond the hall, and the guests went in there and sat talking and taking refreshments. But the president and his wife remained standing in the hall, without partaking of their own refreshments, even after all the guests were in the parlor. Why? Well, it was

not breaking caste if the Negroes remained in the hall. It would have been had they come into the parlor or been seated or had shaken hands. But there were Negroes in the parlor! How did they escape breaking caste? By passing cakes and tea! They were servants, therefore harmless. See what that does to the argument that colored people cannot be allowed in white homes because of the feelings of white people—"instinctive repulsion," aversion, and unrest!

That did not happen ten years ago but in 1928.

Chairs have something to do with it. A friend of mine recently visited a large colored school and made a study of the educational opportunities of the colored people near it. Among other things, she wished to find out about public library facilities. So when she had time she went to the public library and was there told that at a certain branch library Negro citizens could get books. The librarian told her that she was going in that direction and would take her to see it. My friend accompanied this young woman and saw the branch. While there she talked briefly with the colored librarian and made arrangements to return for a more leisurely inspection. Upon her return she visited for some hours and secured the kind of information for which she was looking.

The next time she went to the main library she was told by the white librarian that it was quite

all right to visit the colored library in a formal way, but that to go and sit there for a visit with the colored librarian was improper. My friend, not believing in caste, had occasion to go to the colored library again for a short visit. The white librarian found out about it, and the next time they met "cut" her as coldly and completely as if she had been a lamp post.

The main trouble seemed to have been the chairs. If she had stood up when at the branch library, it would have been all right!

The following manifestation of race prejudice shows strikingly its kinship with caste—and chairs! "Some years ago a mulatto went to a small Southern town to establish a school for Negroes. In order not to become *persona non grata* in the community, he approached the leading white residents for their approval of the enterprise. Upon his visit to one white woman he was invited into her parlor and treated with the usual courtesies shown visitors; but when this woman discovered later that he was colored, she chopped up the chair in which he had sat and, after pouring gasoline over the pieces, made a bonfire of them."

Geography has a great deal to do with the American caste system.

Here are two examples:

Once when I was in a certain Southern city I

picked up a newspaper and discovered on the front page the picture of a pretty Japanese girl. The paper stated that she was a student in an exclusive college in the city and that she was being widely entertained by the society people of the town who were much interested in her.

Suppose I were to take that paper to any one of a dozen Western cities where the caste system is directed against the Japanese. Society leaders would consider it incredible that a Japanese should attend an exclusive white college or be entertained in élite homes. The people of the Southern city see nothing strange in entertaining the Japanese guest, but would turn pale at the idea of similarly entertaining a gifted and cultured Negro girl, though that might happen in Western towns.

The other example of the effect of geography on caste and its manifestations has to do with two Southern cities which I know well. They are not many miles apart. In one I know a cultured white woman who for more than a generation has been the head of a high grade school for colored youth. She belongs to a distinguished family and has the finest connections socially in her home town. But during all the years that she has lived and taught in that school, none of the ladies of the town have paid any attention to her. They know her, of course, but she teaches colored peo-

ple, so social ostracism is employed to set her apart as one whom it is not considered proper to entertain.

In the other city, not far away, the colored people had to go to the state legislature and fight a legal battle to make it possible to have any colored teachers in public schools for colored children. The places were filled with white teachers, some of them from socially prominent local families, and the community did not want to relinquish the teaching profession to the Negro· even in Negro schools. But, of course, the white teachers in this city were *not* ostracized for teaching Negroes.

Why the difference? Geography more than anything else. This caste system of ours operates in a peculiar way, doesn't it?

Doesn't it seem likely that if the young people of these two cities were to get together and compare notes they would come to the rather simple conclusion that one who taught colored people need not necessarily be a social "outcaste"? The mere knowledge of such irrational and arbitrary distinctions is enough to begin the process of breaking their hold on sincere and sensible people, particularly if they are trying to take Jesus in earnest.

No social caste distinctions anywhere, however, can be changed without pioneers who will risk

something to break them. Brotherhood is not cheap and easy. It is bought at a price. Jesus paid the price of being misunderstood, hated, and finally condemned to death because of his way of breaking with the hard and fast traditions of his own people. They said he was a friend of sinners, that he liked common people, that he was himself a Samaritan, because he befriended Samaritans. They will say the same sort of things about you, if you try to act as Jesus would toward some of the people who are in your school or even on the same street where you live.

Some of the young people who have determined to do their best to establish human relations in this country on a non-caste basis have done wonders, however, in recent years. Groups of my friends from the South were at a great national student gathering in Indianapolis a few years ago. There for the first time some of them came face to face with the fact that their own inherited race attitudes were nothing less than rank heathenism made respectable through habit. Others from Northern cities had pretty much the same experience; for no part of America has a monopoly on race prejudice, though it varies in its forms of expression as we have seen.

In discussion groups the students at Indianapolis—white and colored, yellow, red, and brown—came to see each other's viewpoint. In one very

dramatic meeting of a small group I remember that a white student got up and said that he was a member of the K. K. K. and was proud of it. A colored girl arose on the other side of the room and said quietly, "I am colored and I am a Catholic. Tell me, please, why you think I am a menace to America?" The first speaker tried to do it. But his own words began to choke him. He heard his voice saying things that he had thought up to that moment were true; but their obvious one-sidedness began to dawn upon him when he tried to frame an answer to that question. Before the hour was over he had stated frankly that he had been wrong and that he was going to try to cultivate a more Christlike attitude.

Others had similar experiences, and hundreds went back to their own schools and colleges determined to rid themselves of the tyranny of caste. I have visited groups of them since in many places and have talked with those who then began new experiments looking toward brotherhood. I have found no one who has tried it who has not been rewarded with a new realization of the bigness and richness of Christian fellowship. Those who have tried it would not go back to the darkness of caste thinking for any consideration.

In their own way they have set about trying to help the situation. Some have organized interracial discussions, others have mapped out read-

ing that should acquaint them with the races against which they have felt prejudice, and all have steadily developed new attitudes of mind, which, as we have seen, are more basic than any outward acts or customs.

In some of the summer conferences of Christian students from high schools and colleges there have been classes led by Oriental, Indian, and Negro young men and women. In them frank talks about prejudice and its manifestations have helped everybody to a clearer view of the real unbrotherliness of much American practice. The thing that is revealed by honest directness of approach to difference in race or nationality or class or creed is often simple. For complicated as are the many-sided problems of prejudice, there is a cure so simple and easy that it works almost like magic in many difficult situations. It is found in an attitude of respect toward the essential humanity of all, a realization that the feelings of people of different races are, after all, very much alike.

The extent to which this movement for the cure of prejudice has gone in many parts of this country is not widely known. Where the ancient system has most seriously affected the contacts of white and colored, some wonderful things have been happening among small groups. Writing about these in his study already referred to, Mr.

George L. Collins says: "In many cases the prevalent attitude of the white toward the Negro, of indifference, hostility, or kindly condescension, has been replaced by friendship and cooperation on a basis of equality. There are those among the older generation who sincerely disapprove of such fellowship." Of course they do! They would in India or China where applied Christianity has to win or lose in the hands of the young. Caste tyranny is not going to be broken in a hurry—and never to any considerable extent by the grown-ups. This is one of the many things which only youth can accomplish.

"But this newer understanding means so much to those who are sharing in it that opposition is not likely seriously to shake them," says Mr. Collins. "How has an influential body of white Southern students come to oppose the idea of caste which is dominant in the South and close to the surface in the North? Interested in the answer to this question the writer prepared a brief questionnaire and sent it to several score of Southern white acquaintances who he had reason to believe had made such a change in their thinking. From the fifty replies received one may draw certain conclusions as to the experiences that are resolving race prejudice.

"But what is meant by being free from prejudice? What is the general point of view of such

a person? Among others, the following statements were presented to get the answer to that query:

1. "Every individual should have the opportunity to go into any trade, business, or profession with regard only to the qualifications of character and intellect; e. g., it ought to be possible for a white person to teach in a Negro college under a Negro administration, or a colored person to teach in any school or college, preach in any church, work in any bank or business house."

Answers: Yes, 44; No, 3; Doubtful, 3.

2. "Enforced segregation of all kinds is wrong—housing, transportation, education, places of amusement."

Answers: Yes, 38; No, 8; Doubtful, 4.

3. "One should select friends without regard to race."

Answers: Yes, 49; No, 0; Doubtful, 1.

4. "White people should extend to colored people all the courtesies they expect to receive for themselves; e. g., the terms Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc."

Answers: Yes, 48; No, 2; Doubtful, 0.

5. "Intermarriage is a matter for the individual to settle for himself."

Answers: Yes, 40; No, 5; Doubtful, 5.

"It is perhaps fair to conclude from the above answers that most of the individuals returning questionnaires could be called unprejudiced. It is also obvious that in most, if not all cases, there has been a marked change from the attitudes previously held because the common run of opinion in the North and South alike would be contrary to the views expressed."

Mr. Collins went on to find out what were the processes that helped these fifty young people to cure their prejudices. He says that thirty-eight different influences were mentioned, and he lists the number of times that each was given. It is a very suggestive and helpful list, for, remember, it comes from people who feel themselves to have been cured.

Thirty-four out of fifty mention Christian summer conferences. Twenty-nine got help from Christian Association secretaries, while an equal number were started on a cure by coming in contact with Negro students. Visiting speakers on race relations, discussion groups, Negro poetry and novels, the Bible, and foreign students all seem to have been about equally helpful. One out of fifty got help from his minister, one from white novels, and none from elementary schools, high schools, Sunday schools, or revival meetings.

The implications of these results are rather serious for some of the forces of organized Chris-

tianity that should be helping toward brotherhood and are not. But Christian conferences, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries, and Christian discussion groups are all of them likewise forms of organized Christianity, and in these evidently the greatest help for the cure of prejudice was found.

If you are a member of a church and feel that your church ought to be doing something about this, why not strengthen your own determination to make the good fight, by seeing what can be done toward interesting others? If you are seriously looking for companionship in an adventure of brotherliness you will find others bent on the same experiment. They will greatly help you and you may find that you can help them. This is a field of pioneering for which the church, above all other organizations, is responsible because of the ideals of Jesus which it has taught. It cannot be a weighty factor in the building of a brotherly world unless it fights superstition, race prejudice, and caste distinction in America as it is already doing in many lands where the church is young and its emphasis on the universal Fatherhood of God central.

It is worth reminding ourselves often that one of the basic things in this Christian religion of ours is the conviction that Jesus is the "first among many brethren"—all members of the

world-wide family of God. He felt that every one of the vast family of mankind was worthy of the best in this life and of the promise of life eternal. He was willing to face death not only for those who knew and loved him then, but in a very real sense for all mankind. Distinctions of an unfair and unjust sort cannot be made among the members of any real family, no matter how much they may differ in gifts or abilities. Distinctions break up the life of the family and destroy its ideal unity.

People in practically every nation in the world today call for recognition by us not only as fellow men and potential members of the conscious household of a common Father—but as actual members of the same universal Christian church to which we belong. As members of the church in any one of its many forms, these individuals, of whatever race, are trying to be friends of Jesus. If that means anything at all it must mean that they are trying to live up to his ideal as far as they can. And his ideal includes such things as these: "All ye are brethren"; "If you love me you will keep my commands. . . . A new command I give to you that you should love one another as I have loved you"; "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love one to another."

When you stop to think of it, could anything

be more certain about the religion of Jesus than the fact that it is a religion of brotherly love? Could anything be clearer than the fact that if God is to be thought of as our Father, he must be thought of as wanting us to be genuine members of his universal family? That would involve getting rid of the caste delusion. And, to turn the matter around, we may safely say that if we make central the consciousness of our partnership with all others in God's great family we shall help ourselves to break down the distinctions of caste.

Chapter IV

THE LONG LOOK THE FAIR LOOK

We reminded ourselves at the beginning of our discussion that each of us has a blind spot in each eye. But we know that these do not ordinarily trouble us because of the way in which our two eyes cooperate. If you are willing, we shall try a further experiment now. One eye is not capable of judging distance accurately without the other. Prove this to yourself by closing one eye and holding in one hand a sheet of paper at arm's length in front of you. Take a pencil in your free hand and from a distance of a couple of feet to one side try to bring the point exactly up against the edge of the paper until it just touches. You will find that you miss it practically every time. Either the pencil passes in front of the paper or behind it. Open both eyes, however, and it is no trick at all to bring the point of the pencil exactly to the edge of the paper.

Why will your two eyes do what one alone cannot? Because of the aid of perspective. Taking advantage of this law of human vision, stereoscopes are made with two pictures which when viewed through the lenses dissolve into one. But

this one has depth; that is, you feel as if you could see objects standing out from the picture as they do in real life. Add perspective to an ordinary flat picture and the true values of a landscape come out so vividly that you almost believe you could walk between the trees or behind the rocks.

The reason for mentioning this here is simply to suggest the extreme importance of perspective for accurate seeing. Perspective is what makes it possible for you to tell about how wide an opening there is between the two cars ahead of you as you motor down the road; and if it were not for your instinctive use of it, you would sometimes slow up when there was really plenty of room, or perhaps sometimes—and it would be only once—you would try to drive at forty miles an hour between two cars that were so close together that you could not possibly get your car past them.

What we shall consider here is another sort of perspective, but it is fully as important as the visualizing sort. I refer to what I may call historic perspective. It can be brought to our aid in modifying race prejudice; and indeed many other kinds of prejudice which arise because we persist in seeing only a part of the picture.

If you call attention to the fact that the Vice-President of the United States in Mr. Hoover's administration is part Indian, and then go on to

ask why it should be that in the same country at the same time there are whole states which will not permit a Negro to vote, you will be told that the difference between the American Indian and the American Negro is that the former was never a slave. There is a measure of truth in that, of course, but it will not bear all the weight that is put upon it. The Indian has not been made a personal slave of individual owners, but he has been subjected to virtual captivity in this country which he once owned from coast to coast. When we study history, it is easy to see that the Indian escaped slavery by a narrow margin. Had the economic factors in the case been different he would probably have been enslaved, just as the African was.

Suppose now the argument shifts, as it usually does in real life, and the point is raised that, however the case may stand as between the Negro and the Indian with respect to slavery, the white man is different from the Negro because he has never been a slave.

Hasn't he? Well, here is a place where historic perspective will make a difference. In ancient Greece there were 12,000,000 slaves and only 5,000,000 free citizens. A large proportion of the 12,000,000 were white. There was a time even in America when there were more white men and women enslaved by other white people than there

were black men and women so treated. Some of the Caucasian slaves were only temporarily in bondage; that is, they were able to work their way to freedom by buying themselves from their owners. But exactly the same thing is true of some of the African slaves. So on that ground at least, the difference between the two groups is not so great as the argument of "previous condition of servitude" would seem to imply.

Since you probably will find these statements hard to believe, let me refer you, if curious, to Doyle's *English Colonies in America*[1] and to Henry Cabot Lodge's *History of Nations*.[2] These authorities point out that even as late as 1661 the Negro slaves in the Virginia colony numbered only about 2,000, while there were 8,000 "indentured" white servants whose estate in life was little better than that of the unfortunate African exiles.[3]

But we must go a step further and ask: Of what members of the human race can it be said that none of their ancestors were ever slaves? The answer will surprise you. The answer is, *none*. You are the descendant of slaves yourself! It does not matter now what race or what mixture of races you represent. Some of your ancestors were slaves at some time, somewhere.

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[1] Vol. I, p. 385. [2] Vol. 23, p. 61. [3] See also Beard's *Rise of American Civilization*, Vol. I, p. 103.

Are you part English? If so, you are proud that your ancestry can be traced back to the time of the Roman occupation of the British Isles. The next time you get at a history of those days you may run across an account of a conversation the famous Roman orator, Cicero, had with a friend who was buying slaves from among your ancestors. What he said was in Latin, but freely translated it amounted to this: "My dear fellow, you are very foolish to buy any slaves from the British Isles; they are a lazy, good-for-nothing lot, of inferior breed."

You might gain a clearer understanding of why Cicero felt as he did if you were to turn to the following remarks written by the only other Roman of his time whose words you are apt to have read in your school work—namely, Cæsar. During the course of a military campaign in the savage island that has since become the proudest and most dignified in the world, he wrote:

"The inhabitants of the interior do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh and clothe themselves in skins. All of them dye their bodies with the juice of a plant which stains them blue and makes them look very terrible in battle. They wear their hair very long. Sets of ten or twelve have their wives in common between them, and when children are born they are considered to belong to the one who first married their mother.

. . . Those who are ill of any serious disease and those who engage in war or any other dangerous occupation either offer up human beings as sacrifices or make vows to offer themselves. They think that their gods cannot be appeased except by offering up life for life. They have public sacrifices of this kind. Some of them have huge wicker-work images which they stuff full of living men and women, and then set fire to the whole and burn them up. They think that their gods like the sacrifices of thieves and robbers best, but if there are not enough of them they offer up innocent victims."

If you are English, there's where your ancestors were, not so long ago as runs the wheel of time.

Perhaps you, like the writer, are proud of some Scottish ancestry. Slavery of various kinds existed in Scotland from time to time. And worse, more degrading than slavery, cannibalism was practised. No less famous a writer than St. Jerome says: "When I was a boy in Gaul I beheld Scots living in Britain eating human flesh, and although there were plenty of cattle and sheep at their disposal, they would prefer a ham of the herdsman." This observation seems to be confirmed by other authorities, notably the famous Welsh Triads. These documents state that cannibalism was found among the Angles and

Saxons, likewise that at the court of King Ethelfrith there were feasts of human flesh openly held.

Are you of Teutonic descent? Don't forget that Herodotus, famous historian, tells us that the primitive Teutonic soldier, vampire-like, used to suck out the blood from the first enemy he killed. The Padeans, he said, used to eat their own dead. Issedonians would kill and eat all those who were very ill or approaching senility. The Huns used to drink human blood from the skulls of their enemies. The followers of Attila, according to the famous Gibbon, were likewise cannibals. The forms of slavery which all of these people inflicted on others, and at times endured, were even more degrading in effect than the slavery to which Africans have been subjected by people of their own or other races.

Are you "pure American"? It is more than likely that if you are, some of your ancestors in this country were brought here as slaves from England by other Englishmen. Don't get angry and say it couldn't possibly be true. Eight generations will cover the time since those unfortunates came over to these shores. And eight generations back you have had two hundred and fifty-six direct ancestors. Thirty generations back—and as time goes, that is not so very far—you have had one million direct ancestors. Even if none of your ancestors within these shores was

ever anything but a free man, you can soon prove to yourself reluctantly that somewhere you must have had some slave ancestors. The Romans made slaves of some of the people everywhere they went. In times before the Romans the same was true of other dominant groups; and it has been true all over the world to a greater or less degree.

Going at this from another angle, let us suppose that someone says to you—or you say it to yourself—a white man is better than a Negro because the white man's blood is pure, while that of the Negro is a mixture.

Of course it is true that through barbarities practised by white owners, rather than the choice of their ancestors, many of the Negroes in America do have mixed blood in their veins. But even at that the average Negro comes much nearer to being of unmixed ancestry than the average white man. The more students of race investigate, the more difficult do they find it to decide just what the racial history of the white part of the human family is.

If, now, somebody with a prejudice against the Oriental tells you that the Oriental is inferior because of his lack of pure blood, the case is even weaker, because the Chinese and Japanese are among the purest blooded people in the world. I have personal friends in China who can trace their

ancestry back to the time of Confucius. That happens to mean twenty-five hundred years of direct and unmixed descent! No white man on earth can even begin to match that, and it is not likely that the peculiar blend of many races which has resulted in the race group we call "lily white" had even come into existence as distinct from its component parts when Confucius was living in China.

The simple fact is that of all the people in the world the white people talk the most about unmixed blood and have perhaps the least of it. That is not to imply, of course, that if you are white your blood is inherited from Chinese or African ancestors. Probably not. But it is inherited from a mixture of northern or southern Europeans, and far enough back, the ethnologists tell us, there were racial connections between these groups and the people of central Asia.

The tremendous tangles into which people get when they begin to try to sort out the racial classifications of people in America are illustrated by the experience of a commission which has been at work on a federal government plan to determine the exact percentage among us of groups of the various kinds. The hunt to determine "national origins" is on a trail that leads off into the mists of antiquity and forks so many times on the way that it becomes like a delta in a marsh-

land where it is impossible to find any main stream at all.

Since a good deal of the bad feeling over race differences in America has been stirred up in recent years by the loud shouting of advocates of a "Nordic" chosen people as the only ones having a right to the term "real American," it is helpful to get the spicy comments of the well-known Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Writing in the *Adult Bible Class Magazine* for February, 1925, on the subject "What is a Nordic?" he says: "I am exhibit A-1. The one hundred per cent, guaranteed, three star, F. O. B. Detroit, Nordic.

"I possess a list of ancestors which shows that my people, since time immemorial, always lived in the same stuffy corner of the same dull city; that they married other pure Nordics from the same stuffy corner of the same dull city; that indeed the only 'sport' in eight generations was my excellent grandfather, who hailed from that part of the great Teutonic plain between the Elbe and the Weser from which [loud cheers] the original Saxons sailed to join their Anglican brethren in the year of grace X. . . .

"For the last ten years I have seriously studied this subject. I have measured skulls and I have studied pigmentation of diverse skins. I have cogitated upon the kinkiness of hair and the curvature of noses, and I have read at least three

hundred volumes by Professors and Doctors of Botany and Theology, but the definition I hereby submit is the only one which apparently covers all cases—'A Nordic is the descendant of certain European peasants who drank gin, and who hates to confess that he is being beaten at the game of life by the descendants of certain European peasants who drank wine.' . . .

"When I present one of these scientific discoveries to the world at large, there is always a wail of 'flippancy' and many people write angry letters and ask me to be serious about serious questions. Heaven forbid that I should speak lightly in such a matter. But many years ago I learned that the true difference between races is to be found in small details of everyday life and not in the shape of skulls or the juxtaposition of molars. . . .

"Of course I know perfectly well what is in people's minds when they write their little pieces about Nordics in those of our monthly magazines devoted to the dissemination of popular prejudices among the masses. They honestly believe in the myth of certain superior qualities possessed by the people whose ancestors hailed from northern Europe. Unfortunately their faith is belied on every point by the brutal facts of history. My conception of the whole matter is almost childishly naïve. I hold that all generalizations about race

are nonsense, that there is no such thing any longer as a pure race, that there are certain groups of people who show certain superficial outward and inward characteristics because they live under certain climatic conditions and have been taught certain definite historical traditions, none of which have anything to do with 'race.'

"The Nordic advocate is almost invariably a man with a grudge against a Jewish tailor or a Catholic cook or a Japanese gardener who works twenty hours per diem and who threatens to buy him out of house and home. He finds consolation in his silly dream which tells him, 'Even if you are being beaten at the game of life, you still have one thing which sets you apart from your enemy. You are the descendant of a small number of pioneers who came here from the northwestern corner of Europe, and the others are their own ancestors.'

"The term 'chosen people' runs like a pathetic thread of national vanity through the entire field of history from the days of Cheops to those of Theodore of Abyssinia and Theodore of Oyster Bay. Alas! the 'chosen brethren' were invariably the self-elected victims of a strange delusion. For the good Lord in his own wisdom appoints the hour when every race of men shall take up the burden of leadership and shall show us the further path to progress."

Mr. Van Loon's remarks about the difficulty of defining a pure Nordic or a pure anything from a racial inheritance viewpoint lead to the consideration from a historic point of view of the question: "How important, after all, is what a man inherits as compared with what he gets from his own contacts with society?" Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia, speaking before a learned society, said:

"Our knowledge of the reactions of men living in diverse cultural forms and the study of the cultural forms themselves lead us to infer that hereditary characteristics are irrelevant as compared to social conditions, and that anatomical form does not determine the cultural history of a people. It is particularly worth remarking that the current unfavorable opinion of the Negro is based largely on complete ignorance of African native conditions, and of Negro achievements in the industries and arts and in political organization, and that likewise the glorification of our own race is founded exclusively on a consideration of the cultural opportunities given to the few and on the complete neglect of the cultural primitiveness of the great mass of individuals, which finds expression intellectually in the uncritical acceptance of traditional attitudes and emotionally in the ease with which they succumb to the power of fashionable passions. . . . Family strains

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Miss Ruth Muskrat, Cherokee Indian, graduate of Mount Holyoke, winner of a thousand dollar prize for making the most of her education after college, has revealed a little known side of American Indian life to thousands of young people here and abroad.

Crispus Attucks heads the list of the first Revolutionary martyrs on the Boston Monument. To the black tenth of America and to discerning white citizens, he, a Negro, personifies inspiring patriotism and love of liberty.

and inbred small groups may show characteristic mental habits. But nobody has ever given satisfactory proof of an inherent inequality of races, and the final solution of this problem still has to be found."

Other eminent scientists take the opposite view, to be sure. The only point here is that environment has, to put it mildly, a tremendously significant effect on personality and may at times be even more influential than racial inheritance.

Going further afield, historic perspective brings out the fact that most Chinese have been for a longer time removed from any kind of slavery than have your ancestors and mine. It likewise reminds us that when our ancestors were the wildest kind of savages in the forests of northern Europe, painting their bodies with strange colors, practising the crudest superstitious rites and utterly without culture or education, the Chinese had already attained a high degree of civilization, dressed in silks, developed arts and letters, music and painting, built marble bridges—some of which are still in use—great canals and marvelous temples and palaces.

Sometimes it helps to use one's imagination a bit in connection with such lessons of the past. Can you picture to yourself what the dark-skinned Africans of Tutankhamen's court would have said had some traveler from Europe told them that

the savages of that crude part of the world had a great future and would some day control practically the whole of the world from a military or economic point of view? I can see them putting down their golden goblets, leaning back in their ivory-inlaid chairs, and making marble halls echo to their laughing incredulity. "Why," they must have exclaimed (not, of course, in English which was not to be invented for a few thousand years), "we are infinitely superior to them. There is nothing to be expected of them. We have developed the ultimate civilization."

In part they may have been correct, for there seem to have been some arts of which they knew the secrets and which even modern science has not revealed to the descendants of those wild and woolly Europeans! But the rise of Europe and the Western world, largely populated by Europeans, has made the most optimistic prophecy indulged in by our ancestors regarding the future seem modest indeed.

The bearing of all this on one's own feelings of prejudice ought to be obvious. The progress of mankind's varied groups has always been such that rising and falling curves best illustrate it. One part of the human family rises to a great height and then declines, while another slides down from dizzy heights to decadence and sometimes even to extinction.

Now, of course you don't take into account the sweep of thousands of years every time you think about your own race and its relation to others. But it contributes to mental health to let the winds of history blow through our minds now and then. Otherwise we might need some day to learn the lesson of that man who, when he wished for something to clear the cobwebs out of his brain, was offered a vacuum cleaner!

The long look is the fair look. Only from the mountain top can you see the real relations of hills which from the plain may have seemed the greatest in eminence. Things from far off and high up take on a relationship that is in perspective. Looked at close up and by themselves, the features of the same picture give a false impression.

But perhaps you say, the Negro is on the whole so much more retarded in development than the white people of America that one cannot think of his ever occupying any such high place in intellectual or social progress. That may or may not be the case. A good deal of hardihood is required to deny that it may not be when one looks back over the history of the past seventy years. Take the Negro today: a race group which with increasing acceleration is acquiring education, self-reliance, and a degree of eminence here and there in the person of an outstanding poet,

thinker, writer, scientist, or musician. Looking carefully into the record of his advance from slave days to the present, Lord Bryce, one of the most distinguished writers on America, said: "The Negro in America has made more progress in sixty years than any other group of any other race in a similar period of time." There is no evidence of any slowing down in Negro advance intellectually. In fact, quite the contrary is true as increasing thousands of Negro graduates emerge from our colleges and as the standards of common school education for the mass of the race rise year by year.

My own experience with Negro students is that they are at present more eager, harder working, more in earnest to acquire an education than the average white students. Relatively, they are moving faster now; that is certain. Whether they will continue to move faster or will slow up is another question which only time can answer. If they did not slow up, but kept on until their average achievement outdistanced the average achievement of some other groups now ahead of them, it would not be the first time in history that such a thing has happened.

So little regard do we habitually have for historic perspective in race matters that we not only overlook the ugly things in the past of races now high up the ladder of human attainment, but we

likewise overlook the notable accomplishments of antiquity among races which happen at the present time to be less favored—or actually submerged economically, politically, and socially.

You probably know the good things that can be said about your own race in days gone by. What do you know other than disparaging things about the past of the Mexicans or the Negroes? What do you suppose the average white person who is prejudiced against the Japanese knows of their racial history with its distinguished and noble attainments? Inferiority of the Negro is commonly argued from history that is only part of the picture. One of my friends, writing of this very subject, says: "It is interesting to note in this connection the information brought to light by explorers, travelers, and missionaries, and by a number of natives [from Africa] educated in Europe and America who are beginning to interpret their people to the world. They are showing that prior to the slave trade begun by the Portuguese, continued by the Dutch and Spanish, and brought to its culmination by the English, there was an African civilization in Nigeria, Gold Coast, Benin, Mossiland, Timbuctu, and other areas. . . .

"There was a very high type of culture in North and Central Africa, possibly in pre-classical and very probably pre-Christian times. Any-

one wishing to learn about the past achievements of Negroes in Africa will be well rewarded in his search by the evidence of original steps, such as the earliest smelting of iron, and of arts and cultures adapted from Arabian origins. Writers give accounts of ancient African rulers, governments, religions and customs, architecture, tomb-building, production of arts and crafts, such as carved elephant tusks, ivory armlets, stone images, etc., glass and porcelain objects, remarkable terra cottas, and exquisite metal castings. There is also a well-sifted set of facts that Negroes from the Guinea Coast, West Africa, had made visits to America before Christopher Columbus."[4]

A thoughtful Southern white man, Edgar Garner Murphy, thinks that white people generally lack not only a knowledge of the far-past history of the Negro, but also any acquaintance with the current history of the Negro in America. He writes: "Seeing the Negro loafer in the streets, the Negro man or woman in domestic service, the Negro laborer in the fields, is not seeing the Negro. It is seeing the Negro on one side. It is seeing the Negro before achievement begins, often before achievement—the achievement which the world esteems—is possible. Knowing the white man under these conditions would not be knowing

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[4] George E. Haynes, *The Trend of the Races*, pp. 151-2, citing Leo Frobenius, *The Voice of Africa*, and Leo Wiener, *Africa and the Discovery of America*.

the white man. Yet this side of the Negro is usually the only side of which the white community has direct and accurate knowledge. It is the knowledge of industrial contact upon its lower plane. It is not the knowledge of reciprocal obligations. And at the point where this lower contact ceases, at the point where the Negro's real efficiency begins and he passes out of domestic service or unskilled employment into a larger world, the white community loses its personal and definite information—the Negro passes into the unknown. As the Negro attains progress, he, by the very fact of progress, removes the tangible evidence of progress from the immediate observation of the white community. . . .

"The inadequacy of the picture is due to subjective as well as to objective causes. A partly mistaken conception of the Negro has resulted from the fact that the white world which now sees the Negro habitually, which judges him and speaks of him most constantly, is not infrequently the white world at its worst. How large a number of the white world, upon its educated side, has ever really seen the life of a Negro home, or the life of the Negro school, or the life of the saner Negro church?" [5]

Suppose you knew that a creditable part in the

[5] *Problems of the Present South*, quoted by Dr. George Haynes in *The Trend of the Races*, pp. 151, 152, 167, 168.

Revolutionary War was played by an ancestor of yours, and that America's economic and industrial development had profited tremendously from the use of iron first developed by your ancestors thousands of years ago. Suppose, further, that you knew that the flanges on railroad wheels, the machines which build modern shoes, the grease cups on machinery, and hundreds of other important inventions were the product of your own race group.[6] Suppose you knew also that a greater proportion of the total number of citizens of your race had been accepted under the draft for service to America in the World War than of any other race group here. And then suppose that in spite of all this you were denied the right to vote because people said that you were not a "real American"—people probably whose ancestors came to this country less than a century ago while yours came three hundred years ago. How would you feel?

That is a line-up of suppositions which happen to be facts in the case of the descendants of the hundreds of American Negroes who fought for their country in the Revolutionary War and of other hundreds who have contributed to the ad-

[6] Jan Matziliger invented the shoe-lasting machine, Elijah MacCoy the grease cup. Danville P. Woods invented many electrical devices used by the General Electric Company and the American Bell Telephone Company. More than eight hundred patents have been definitely verified as issued to Negro patentees. The first two patents for corn harvesters were granted to Henry Blair, a Negro, in 1834. and 1836.

vance of science and industry. Their descendants have shared in the sacrifices of the Great War, and are every day evidencing their genuine love for their country in spite of all the wrongs she has done them—wittingly or unwittingly.

When, therefore, you meet a Negro—or some other person belonging to a race which is perhaps today less advanced in some things than your own —try to raise in your mind the question: "How far has he developed with what he has at his disposal?" rather than the question: "Where is he now in the scale of human perfectibility as compared with myself?" The question will then suggest itself: "Have I taken into account the past achievements of his race as well as what appear to have been their shortcomings? How do the good things and the bad in my own race's history compare with the good and the bad in his?" If it is apparent to you that the heritage which you have is richer than that he has—and such may be the case—don't slip off into a feeling of complacent pride, but rather ask yourself: "Have I done as well comparatively with my greater opportunities and on my easier road?"

The answer, if honestly sought, will often surprise and humble one. It will likewise help one to conquer one's race prejudice. That certainly has been the experience of many who have tried it.

So far in this chapter we have been trying to discover ways in which the acquisition of historic perspective will help us to get a more balanced view of the races—their likenesses as well as their differences.

There is a somewhat different angle of "the long look the fair look" which we may now consider. It is perhaps the forward look now instead of the backward look—a consideration of the possible future as well as the actual past. The way it works for me is simple. When I meet a person of another race, for which prejudice tries to make me assign a lower place than mine in the human scale, I try not only to remember the pit from which the white race was dug, but likewise to take into account this other person's potentialities as well as his accomplishments. In other words, I want to get the historic perspective—prospective as well as retrospective—of the individual as well as of his race.

Let me illustrate by an application of this process to an imaginary situation. Suppose on some day back in the middle of the last century Henry Ward Beecher and John C. Calhoun had both met a Negro slave couple named Carver. Mr. Calhoun, who is said to have announced to the world: "Show me a nigger who can conjugate a Latin verb and I'll believe he's human," would have set them down as possibly useful slaves who might

work hard and perhaps leave behind them offspring who should continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Dr. Beecher, on the other hand, looking for potentialities as well as accomplishments, for possibilities as well as actualities, would have exercised his keen judgment of personality to discover unusual qualities in this couple and would have longed for the chance to give them the opportunities their power merited.

Suppose that today we could call back to this world our friends Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Beecher and invite them to a laboratory in Tuskegee—a school founded and built to its present world eminence by Negro leadership and Negro brains, if not with Negro money. There we would ask the son of those slaves named Carver to demonstrate the secrets of agricultural chemistry which he has discovered. Watch him! He takes a bushel of ordinary peanuts and from them produces over one hundred fifty by-products. He takes a peck of sweet potatoes and from them derives rubber, coffee, candy, dyes, paste, paint, starch, vinegar, ink, molasses, shoe-polish, and eighty-nine other products. Though the son of slaves, he is known around the world as a member of the Royal Society of Arts, London, and of other learned societies. In his chosen field of agricultural chemistry he is without a rival in any race. He is one with that elect company of prophets and seers who

today use the laboratory to point the way to a yet more splendid future for the human race. I don't happen to know whether he can conjugate a Latin verb *now*—I can't, but both of us probably could when we were studying Latin in college! He knows chemical and agricultural products by their Latin names, and if he said them fast he might make even Mr. Calhoun think he was playing with a verb in correct fashion.

Will historic perspective modify your prejudice? I don't know. But it has modified the prejudice of many another person. Give yourself an honest treatment by gathering such facts as have been suggested in the foregoing pages, mix well, shake before using, and then swallow a generous dose now and then! You'll be surprised at the result.

Chapter V

LOOK OUT FOR THE SECOND-HAND MARKET!

SUPPOSE YOU had your choice between a brand-new car selected by yourself and a second-hand one selected by somebody else. Which would you take? A *Literary Digest* straw vote would not be necessary to determine the probable outcome of that choice! You wouldn't even consider the second-hand one.

When it comes to race estimates, do you insist on new ones for which you yourself shall be the judge, or do you take second-hand ones?

Experience seems to show that the second-hand car will not run as fast or last as long as a new one of the same design. But, strange as it may be, the second-hand estimate of race will travel faster than the first-hand variety, and seems to last even longer!

A hint for those who wish to overcome prejudice is: Keep away from second-hand estimates! Demand new ones of your own choosing.

The reasons for this appear as you begin to think about it carefully.

The second-hand market of race appraisals traffics in inaccuracy. The parts of the arguments are worn, and they do not work well together. Yet, for all that, they seem to keep going. Gossip

always spreads with incredible speed, exaggerates, misplaces emphasis, and magnifies surface impressions.

One summer recently I was leading a class in a young people's conference where we were studying the book called *And Who Is My Neighbor?* We were discussing different races and our attitudes toward them. The members of the class used various tests to find out what their reactions would be to other races.

In this particular case it developed that while the young people had a very fair attitude toward most races, they would not trust Mexicans or Japanese. When the question was asked: How many of you have seen any Mexicans or Japanese? the result was practically unanimous. None of them had. Then where did they get the idea that you could not trust a Mexican or a Japanese? They were taking for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth certain things they had heard from others. Second-hand estimates! As would be the case with second-hand cars, it was hard to discover who had been the original owners.

When it was suggested that these young people would not like to be prejudged by Mexicans or Japanese on such a basis, they readily agreed. Some of the group grasped the logic of the situation and said they were going to try to find out

for themselves about the facts, either from people or from literature.

Perhaps you say: "Well, you have to accept estimates on a lot of things from other people. You accept good estimates, why not accept the other sort? If unfavorable second-hand estimates are to be avoided, why would favorable second-hand estimates be any better?"

That's a good question. In no case would it be well to trust either favorable or unfavorable second-hand estimates too far. They both need correction through one's own experience. But my experience in life, and probably yours as well, shows that unfavorable estimates of other people are less likely to be founded on facts than favorable ones are. There cannot be any serious harm in adopting as a general rule this plan: When unfavorable second-hand estimates of other races are offered me, I will put a big question mark beside them and try to find out where they came from and whether they are validated by my own experience. When favorable second-hand estimates are offered me, I will accept them tentatively, knowing that good opinions of others are less likely to be untrustworthy than bad opinions; but even in the case of favorable estimates that are second-hand, I will insist on trying to test their trustworthiness by examination of their sources and by checking with my own experience.

To illustrate the way this might work: Suppose you have never been in Korea and you hear from Tom Jones that Koreans are lazy, shiftless, and incompetent. You then ask: What evidence has he got for that statement? You find perhaps that he has a cousin whose uncle conducted a world tour last year and stopped at Seoul, Korea, for a day. He didn't know the language, he didn't leave the beaten track; and he dealt only with coolies, a few peddlers, and servants in a hotel. Well, there would be a case where a third-hand, unfavorable race estimate was based on a very inadequate amount of experience.

Suppose, again, that your aunt comes to visit your home. She tells you that the Koreans are a very interesting people with wonderful characteristics of faithfulness, unusually clean in their peasant homes, friendly with strangers, and given to peaceful pursuit of their own affairs. If you accept that statement you are accepting a favorable second-hand estimate. It has been "used" by your aunt. Then you begin to ask how your aunt came by it. You find, let us say, that for twenty years she was a missionary doctor in Korea, that she knew the language, visited the homes of the people, and had many friends among both high and low classes. Here, certainly, is an estimate that is based on long and intimate experience. You would feel—wouldn't you?—that you

Dr. George Carver, son of slave parents, can demonstrate original processes for producing one hundred sixty by-products from peanuts and one hundred sixteen from sweet potatoes. A white by-product of his lectures on agricultural chemistry is admiration for him and a new estimate of his race.

The activities of the Christian churches help to draw unlike people together. These delegates came from the ends of the earth to the Jerusalem Meeting of the International Missionary Council and there discovered how real a thing brotherhood can become.

were fairly safe in trusting it until you had made your own investigations which would give you first-hand knowledge of the Koreans.

If when you got that first-hand knowledge it seemed to tally more with Tom Jones' cousin's uncle's impressions than with your aunt's impressions, of course you might conclude that your aunt was wrong. Possibly you would ask yourself, "May my own experience not be in the same class with that of Tom's cousin's uncle? Perhaps I am basing my judgment on insufficient data." And so you would go on testing until you were fairly sure that you were right.

The inaccuracy and exaggeration of second-hand estimates is well shown in this story of the World War. A German who had never been outside of his own country was captured by British troops. He acted as if in constant terror of his life. When finally a British officer who spoke German was brought to talk with him, the reason for his terror was revealed. He had been told that all British people were like ferocious beasts. If they caught him they would tear him to bits by torture. He was immensely relieved to find that this had been a gross misrepresentation! Many a soldier on the Allied side probably had a similar revelation of the fact that not all Germans were of the sort described in the war propaganda.

Some time ago I met a student who admitted that he felt nervous whenever he was near any Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Filipino, or Mongolian. He had been told when young to run whenever he saw a Chinese, or he might be caught and killed. That accounted for his fear of the Chinese. Why was he afraid of the others? He couldn't tell the difference between them, and they all looked like Chinese to him! That sounds almost too ridiculous to be true. But it is true. You may find that some of the second-hand estimates you have picked up are just as unreliable, just as insecurely based on similar inadequate impressions.

One of the commonest forms of second-hand estimates is the generalization. Generalizations, like those represented in the two incidents just related, tend to take types rather than individuals into account. This quality, as well as certain other marks of second-hand estimates, characterized a situation described to me recently by a Negro friend and associate. He has been for years in educational work. He lives in a Northern metropolitan district. His children go to the public school. In it are both white and colored children. His children are not white, but they look more Spanish than African. He himself is of very light complexion.

One day his daughter said: "Dad, teacher

asked me to invite you to come to the school to see her."

Wondering what was wanted, my friend, whom we will call Mr. Black, went to the office of the school.

The teacher said to him: "I want to ask your help in a delicate situation. You may wonder why I sent for you. It is because I decided we needed to get the help of a leading white citizen of the community. Your children obviously come from a home of culture and refinement. Therefore I felt that their father must be an influential person in the community."

He expressed his natural surprise. But she waited for no explanation and went on.

"You know we have some colored children in this school. There is another school in the adjoining ward. We cannot by law make any distinctions between the white and colored children. But we think that a quiet movement under the surface might help to get the colored children out of this school and into that one. Will you help us do it, Mr. Black?"

"But supposing I don't believe in segregation?"

"Don't you?"

"No. I am an American. I am also a Christian."

"You don't understand. We ought to get the

two groups separated because the colored children are stupid and dirty."

"All of them?" queried Mr. Black.

"Yes, all of them."

"Are all of the white children bright and clean?"

"N-n-n-o, not exactly," said the teacher.

"Well, I am afraid if you want to do this sort of thing in the face of American principles and the law of this city, you will have to get somebody else to lead the movement," said Mr. Black as he took his leave.

Much could be said about the many questions involved here. For the present consider only the fact that the generalizations of the teacher, growing out of prejudice, were clearly upset by the facts, even though the facts may have been, as they were, somewhat exceptional.

Have any of your generalizations been as far off as hers were? Dust some of them off and look them over! You'll probably find surprises in store. Do you suppose that your trust in second-hand generalizations would ever be so strong that you would not trust your own direct experience to the contrary? Our teacher friend, in this instance, did not realize that her own experience was showing the falseness of second-hand anti-Negro generalizations.

If she had known it, do you suppose she would

have preferred the generalization to the particular example which proved it clearly untrustworthy? Certainly if she had been anxious to rid herself of prejudice she would have found the complicated elements in this little drama very instructive.

One might say: All generalizations are untrustworthy, including this one. But let us see if there are not some generalizations growing out of what we have been saying that lead toward principles of action for our guidance.

Did you ever notice that when you think of people of your own race you think of them as individuals—and appraise them accordingly? How is it with people of different race? Don't you find yourself lumping them all together as if there were no personal distinctions marking them as individuals? You have heard people say, perhaps, that all Chinese look alike, that all Japanese are tricky, that all Negroes steal and are shiftless, that all Mexicans are dirty, and that all Turks are cruel. These things were said, doubtless, in such a way that you knew the people saying them honestly believed them.

If you find yourself assenting to generalizations of this kind, let your critical faculty get on the job. It will ask you some questions. Suppose you turn the generalizations around. Then what simple statements of this sweeping sort do you

feel to be true of your own race? Do they all look alike, are they all honest or dishonest, are they all thrifty, all clean, all *anything?*

They are not even all the same color, or *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—which isn't true—could never have been written. Some of your prejudice, if you have any, is probably due to the natural tendency of human beings to classify the unlike or the little known in this wholesale fashion.

Simply to state the case to yourself is to reveal the ludicrous inaccuracy and unfairness of such assertions. Not only is it not true that all the 485,000,000 Chinese look alike, but the fact is that if you look over a great Chinese audience, as I have many times, you will be able to pick out the living image of almost any American friend you have. They are not all yellow. Some are brown, some almost bronze colored, some as red as any Apache Indian. The only general thing you can say is that all of them have black hair and black eyes. Even that is not strictly true. I have one pure-blooded Chinese friend who is an albino—he has pink eyes and white hair. He is so troubled about it that he always wears dark, smoked glasses and keeps his hat on—which is polite in China even in the house. And not all Chinese eyes slant—the movie ads to the contrary notwithstanding.

The statement that Japanese are tricky—to

take another of the generalizations given above—is frequently based on the assertion: "Why, do you know, they don't even trust each other. Every Japanese bank has to have a Chinese cashier." The only justification for that ancient and honorable fib is that the Chinese currency is very complicated; and since most Japanese commercial houses have a good deal of business with China, it is quite customary to have at least one Chinese clerk to take care of that special department of the firm's affairs.

In fact, when it comes to examination, any of the sweeping statements quoted above about various races will be found to be largely "bunk."

So beware of the man or woman who sweeps up a whole race in a single generalization! He is most certainly wrong.

Are you doing it? That's for you to say. And you can find out by watching yourself next time you happen to enter a conversation concerning other races. Individual appraisal should be your aim, not mass estimates.

You may say now: If it is not fair to judge a whole people by an unfavorable generalization, it probably isn't any fairer to judge a whole race by a favorable one. You are right. All generalizations need careful examination. Guarding against them helps to upset prejudice.

We can turn here to a further process which

experience shows is a help in conquering prejudice. It is the process of looking for the best in individuals or in races, as a means of appraising them. It applies both to second-hand information about them and to that which grows out of direct contact.

Let me illustrate: My first direct contact with the Japanese, aside from a very brief visit in Japan which gave me little or no chance to get acquainted, was in Siberia. There I saw military aggression, arrogance, cruelty, and assertiveness which angered the Russians and most of the other people who had to observe it without being able to do anything about it. As I look back on it now, I realize that I came into personal contact with very few individuals during the months of my stay there. I got my impressions from an army of occupation. Except in rare instances, armies of occupation at any time in history have been bad places to look for mankind at its best.

A strong anti-Japanese feeling in my heart, I went about looking with enmity upon all the Japanese I met, thinking the worst of them and fixing my inward convictions by denouncing them outwardly. You know how that is psychologically. You think a thing, then say it emphatically—and *presto!* you are sure of it.

From Siberia I returned to live in China, and there I happened to arrive just when there was a

good deal of Japanese military activity and a wave of strong anti-Japanese feeling among the Chinese, who resented bitterly the demands which Japan had made upon China and which her soldiers were trying to enforce. Some of my Chinese friends were so bitter that they refused to buy Japanese goods. I saw crowds of students on more than one occasion going from shop to shop demanding from the storekeepers all Japanese goods and then collecting them to burn them in a public square. Once in our town feeling ran so high among the Chinese that a student made a bitter speech against the Japanese and then committed suicide to show in a manner peculiar to the Orient the desperate sincerity animating him.

In such an atmosphere it was difficult not to catch the rampant attitude of prejudice. I did catch it; in fact, I had a bad case of it.

Why do I not feel the same way now? Because, a little while after the events of which I have spoken, it fell to me to make a trip from China to Japan as a sort of international friendship delegate. The way of it was this: Popular emotional outbursts had so embittered the Chinese, Christians and non-Christians alike, that the existence of a serious situation became evident to careful observers. If she had had the requisite military strength, China would have declared war against

the Japanese. One group of Christian Chinese felt that perhaps they were seeing only one side of Japanese character and that there might be such a thing as an appeal to the possible better elements in Japan. But no Chinese cared to go to Japan just then. Finally two Americans—missionaries—were asked to go. It happened that I was one.

When we got to Japan we were cordially received and for weeks we traveled from place to place, meeting educators, students, business men, government officials, and village folk off the beaten track. Soon we discovered that the average Japanese at home was as unaware of the situation in Siberia or in China as if he were an average American. We found that when the Japanese armies were ordered to Siberia there had been a strong protest on the part of many Japanese and that there had been a threat upon the life of the Prime Minister who sanctioned the expedition.

One evidence of the innocence of most Japanese with respect to the designs upon China's rights embodied in the famous Twenty-one Demands—which were handed to China by Japan while the attention of Europe was focused on the Great War and which, if accepted by China, would have resulted in the complete subjugation of China to Japan—came to us in an unexpected way. I was

speaking one night to a large group of college and university students together with some professors and business men. I referred to the Twenty-one Demands; and from the look on the faces of those sitting nearest me I was led to wonder if they knew just what I had in mind. Finally I asked the direct question: "How many here know about the Twenty-one Demands?" Only a few hands went up. They didn't even know about the most talked-of cause of China's suspicion of their country! "Then how many know what the Twenty-one Demands were?" I continued. This time only two or three hands went up. "Would you like to have me read you some of them?"

"Yes, do," said a number of voices.

So there in the shadow of Japan's glorious sacred mountain, Fujiyama, I read to them some of the most typical of the demands which their own government had made upon the government of China. Their surprise was obvious, and their reaction showed that for the most part they did not blame China for resenting the direct assault which had been made upon her nation's rights.

Long into that night I talked with a group in which were an army officer, a former mayor of Tokyo, and some noted professors.

What they said did not alter the fact of Japan's activities in Siberia and China. It did not make me feel any more enthusiastic about the military

representatives of the empire whose aggression had been so hard to bear in Siberia, China, and Korea. But it did open windows for me into a different Japan: a Japan one could not help loving and admiring.

When my trip was over and I started back to China, it was with a far different feeling. My first visit to Japan had not brought me into touch with people: I had seen only famous places and had lived in hotels. This one had wakened my heart to a real response of brotherliness and good-will—not as if a sense of duty had promoted it but because I couldn't help it.

From that day to this, while there have been plenty of things about the policy of Japan that I have criticized, while I have not shut my eyes to the things which formerly determined my attitudes, I find another set of facts to put over against these.

Take another illustration to show what is meant when we say, "Look for the best and judge by that rather than by the worst, or, in some cases, even the typical." Most of those who will read these pages are hardly old enough to remember with any vividness the passions that were aroused during the World War. Then every art was used to awaken in our hearts hatred of the Germans and those associated with them. The efforts of propaganda were based, of course, on ugly facts,

many of which were indisputable. But the structures built on those foundations have long since been shown to have been top-heavy. Most of them have crashed merely of their own weight. We who believed the worst of our late enemies now stand amazed that we ever could have credited such lies and harbored such race prejudice in our hearts. We remember with shame how we listened to the attempts made to explain undeniably fine things in German life by the assumption that most of Germany's great musicians, poets, and artists were not truly German at all!

Like almost everyone else, from 1914 to 1918 and after, I was strongly prejudiced against the Germans. My war experience did not take me to the Western front, but in Siberia I met German and Austrian prisoners. I can shut my eyes at this minute and see the long miserable lines of them in their camps as they lined up for the one horrible meal of the day.

Pity for their sufferings was the feeling that I had then—little more that could be called brotherly. I told myself that they deserved all that they were getting. For a time, at least, I think I believed it. However, after I returned to China I began to have more personal contacts with individual Germans.

There was the famous baker whose shop in Tientsin had been patronized through the back

door by English and American people all through the war, but who was deported after Germany was defeated. There was the photographer in Peking whose cheerful face I had seen so many times when I went to get films or to have them developed.

These and hundreds of others were gathered into camps, and plans were made for their deportation. I was asked by the Chinese government to go on one of the ships which was to return them to Germany. I could not go, but since then I have often wished I could have gone. It would have been an experience in experimental brotherhood which, while difficult, might have taught some valuable lessons.

Still later, when the sharp feelings of the war had begun to soften, these same Germans and others began to drift back to China. At about the same time a brother of mine, who had suffered cruelly in the war, had spent three years in various hospitals and had emerged crippled for life, came out to China for his health. There he came into contact with several German lads who had likewise seen war service, but naturally on the other side. He brought them to our home, where we soon came to know them and to like them. Armchair warriors who had never been within six thousand miles of the battle front criticized my brother for fraternizing with these Germans.

His rather logical reply was: "They were no more responsible for the war than I was. If I had not served my country they would not think much of me; if they had not served theirs I could not honor them."

And so the ex-soldiers who had fought on opposite sides became friends. Through watching them I began to get some new attitudes toward the Germans. Everybody, more or less, has been having similar experiences since, and one can note with thankfulness the wiping out of more and more bitterness as the years pass. When I was in Germany last year, I found that not a trace of my old anti-German prejudice seemed to remain.

By the process of looking for the best and not the worst in groups as well as individuals, one can pass from hatred to brotherliness. I know, in this case at least, what I am talking about because that exact experience has been mine in regard to the Germans.

There is something essentially self-centered about our judgments as to what is good in other races. We take ourselves at our idealized best as the standard. We can't help it. Even Jesus said, "Love thy neighbor *as* thyself." When we seek to overcome prejudice against people who are racially different from us, it is distinctly helpful to find the largest possible amount of common ground; that is, the places where we are alike

instead of where we are different. Hence the suggestion, born of experience: Meet some member or members of unlike races "at scratch!" What is meant will be plain after you read the following incident:

There was a pleasant buzz of conversation in the club parlors. People from many lands were present; among them high officials with their wives and daughters. Here and there could be seen the brilliant court costume of a diplomat or the dress-parade trappings of an army officer.

The occasion was a reception to the members of an American Congressional party on tour in China. The place was a famous club with an international and interracial membership.

I was standing near one of the hostesses who was presiding over the refreshments. She was a Chinese lady. Suddenly a little group of American women surrounded her. One of them began to try to talk with her in "pidgin" English. "You savvey—me like-ke drink some tea. Eat some cake. Much big joy to see China lady," etc. To this the Chinese lady replied in perfect, refined English, "Oh, would you let me give you some tea and cakes? I should be delighted. We are all glad to have you visit us."

"Girls, come and see the little Chink who can talk real English!" was the remark which followed her quiet reply. And several more curious

American visitors crowded around, paying no attention to her other than as a curiosity.

Now, as a matter of fact, that Chinese lady had been born in the United States, she had been educated here—both school and college—and her husband and she were highly cultured people of wide contacts in many lands. He was a doctor of rare skill, with a large and notably successful practise among Chinese, Americans, and Europeans in that modern Chinese city.

If the truth were told she was more representative of the best American traditions, the finest education, and the truest refinement of mind and character than were some of the Americans who that day surrounded her with such patronizing surprise when they found that she did not have to use pidgin English in order to converse. (Of course, none but a few thousands of servants in certain port cities ever use this particular excuse for a language. All modern educated Chinese, practically, study English and do much better at it than do Americans at the study of Chinese.)

The reason for telling this true story is to point out that there was an opportunity here for the Americans to meet at scratch, or better than scratch, a person of a race about which they knew almost nothing. As a usual thing, white Americans meet people of Oriental or African heritage who have had few advantages of education or

culture and are, through no fault of their own, on a less developed human plane.

There would be small gain in going from race prejudice to class prejudice, and this is not going to be a treatise on how to be snobbish. But the fact is plain as can be in the experience of many people that as a help to knowing the point of view and inner qualities of typical members of another race it is a great help to have personal acquaintances among people who have had somewhat the same education as you have. It helps tremendously to meet those who have somewhat similar interests, and whose point of view in at least some particulars is like your own. This is what is meant by "introductions at scratch."

Even more revealing sometimes are what might be called, on the same analogy of the athletic arena, "introductions at better than scratch." In the latter the idea is that a white person, we'll say, meets a Chinese or African who has had *more* education and wider experience than he has.

The testimony of many students and older people on this point is convincing. Again and again, if you talk with people who have overcome much of their race prejudice, you will find that one of the principal causes of their changed attitude is some contact with members of the previously disliked group who are, as has been suggested, of about their own type of training and experience,

and with an equal or perhaps even a superior education.

There is no implication that interracial friendliness and complete absence of prejudice need stop on the one cultural level, which happens to be our own. If I come to know and appreciate a Chinese college student whom I discover to be of similar interests and training with myself, it affects my attitude toward Chinese in general, and in my contacts with the laundryman or the restaurant keeper after that I am aided in freeing myself of prejudice.

Where personal acquaintance at scratch with members of an unlike race is not possible, as of course is often the case, there are other ways to employ this same idea in overcoming prejudice. In some cases it can be done through friendship tours or visits of groups to other groups. For example, in some of the large cities of America where there are great centers of Oriental, Negro, and Southern European life, it is now the custom for student groups to make acquaintance tours to the principal cultural, religious, and business centers of the unfamiliar race group. On these trips outstanding representatives of the group visited are asked to speak, to provide music, or to demonstrate the particular activity in which they are specialists. When that is done, it usually happens that at least a few distinctly attractive

personalities emerge. If you are a member of the visiting party, you suddenly discover that in the race you had thought of as wholly unattractive to you there are individuals whose point of view and personality appeal to you because of certain unsuspected likenesses, or basic human qualities, that you had previously supposed were to be found only in your own race.

If trips of that sort are out of the question for you, and if you fail to meet at scratch members of the group against which you know yourself to be prejudiced, there is still another approach to understanding. You can go to hear lectures or concerts by members of these races, or look up their work in museums, in reference works, or in the daily news. The things prejudiced white Americans say about the Japanese, for example, become so ridiculous as to be unbelievable in the presence of Japanese artistic, scientific, and cultural accomplishments—some of which at least can be appreciated through museums or books, if no direct contacts are possible.

There is yet another and somewhat similar way to follow out this same idea. There are novels, poems, musical compositions, works of art, inventions, whose authors are members of the despised or misunderstood group. These authors you can come to know through their works, and through efforts to find out about them as individuals. This

is not mere theory. A good many have tried out the plan and find that it really works. You recall, perhaps, in the first chapter the incident of the American who was so impressed by the Temple of Heaven in Peking that he said it changed his thought of the Chinese. He had just arrived in China, knew few if any Chinese, and had had no introduction at scratch. But he got something of the sensation following an introduction at better than scratch when he realized the magnificent artistic accomplishments of the Chinese people, accomplishments which he could appreciate but was quick to admit he could neither duplicate nor rival.

To return to American scenes, here is the way in which one student reported to Dr. Bogardus her experiences in overcoming prejudice. She tells of how she had been judging unfavorably the whole Jewish race because of some unpleasant contacts with certain unethical and uncouth members of it. Then she went to a new place, a university town. She says: "I met there a number of lovely Jewish girls at the 'Y,' girls with high ideals and pleasing personalities. My prejudice against their race began to fade. I met one or two Jewish fellows who impressed me with their fine character and keen intellect. I find that my prejudice has now almost disappeared." These were cases of meeting at scratch in the sense I

have tried to suggest. But this girl did not stop with these actual personal contacts. She tried the other kind of contact—that through literature. See how she puts it: "An article I read on the Jews and their social isolation made a big impression on me. I realized as never before how remarkable the Jews have been to keep their distinctive characteristics."

This same girl had interesting contacts with another race group, often the subject of bitter prejudice. She tells about it in this way: "When I entered the university a colored girl came and took the seat next to me. All I noticed was that she was colored, and I decided to take another seat the next day.

"When I went to my next class, which was in sociology, the professor took up the question of race prejudice. The next day when the colored girl came and sat beside me I looked at her. She had a very pleasant smiling face and I, perhaps in an effort to assure myself that I was not prejudiced, talked to her. Several weeks passed by; we exchanged books, and I decided that I rather liked having her sit next to me."[1]

She goes on to tell of how later she went to luncheon with this same girl, although she had been accustomed to think of eating with a person of Negro race as taboo. She concluded: "I am

[1] Bogardus, *Immigration and Race Attitudes*, p. 101.

quite certain now that I will not move away, or even want to, if a colored person eats at my table or sits next to me."

Dr. Bogardus' careful study of race prejudice, *Immigration and Race Attitudes*—which should be read by anyone anxious to overcome prejudice —reports the experience of a boy along this same line but with a different race. "Up to the time I went away to college, the only representatives of the race [Japanese] that I came into contact with were those of the lower class: namely, butlers, chauffeurs, waiters in hotels, valets and the like. As servants they performed their duties efficiently, but their servile attitude aroused a contemptuous feeling within me, and I failed to appreciate their good qualities. . . . In preparatory school I happened to meet a Japanese boy on whom I at first looked with scorn; but as time went on, he not only excelled in his studies but also was a 'top-notcher' in athletics, a good mixer, and one of the best sports in the world. I opened my eyes and began to think that maybe there was something in this Japanese after all. Courteous always, willing to give one the benefit of the doubt but strong enough to stand up always for his rights, I began to admire him." He goes on to tell of meeting other fine Japanese and of coming to admire and respect their race.

Anyone anywhere can practise the suggestions

made at the beginning of this chapter about avoiding second-hand estimates and sweeping generalizations. Anyone anywhere can find books, magazine articles, poetry or music, sculpture or painting or other art works, which have come from the hands and the brain of some person of the race toward which he or she feels prejudice. And in by far the larger part of our polychrome America, it is quite within the realm of possibility for one desiring it to come in contact personally with individuals of these same races whom one can meet at scratch, or at least on some ground of common interest.

The experiments are worth making even though, if they are attempted, as like as not somebody will try to draw our friend "the big red herring" across the trail to friendship. I refer, of course, to what was said in the last part of Chapter I regarding the prevailing habit of obstructing friendliness between people of unlike races on the ground that it is apt to lead to intermarriage. If you have forgotten the points suggested there, go back and read over the discussion, testing each statement in the light of the various points of view which have been elaborated in succeeding chapters. If you think, as perhaps you may, that what is said there is wrong, be sure that you find good reasons which in your honest estimation would impress the Master himself as justifying

the continued division of mankind into groups, some of which are to be shut outside the pale.

Be sure that the fence you draw around the select few with whom you propose to be genuinely friendly does not shut out both him who said, "All ye are one" and the Universal Father God whom he revealed.

Chapter VI

GETTING THE GOLDEN RULE ANGLE

Only a few months after Lindbergh made his solo flight to Paris I was walking down Piccadilly in London. Suddenly my eye caught the sign: "See and Hear Lindbergh." I went into the crowded theater for the movie-talkie show. The sound film had been made within a few blocks of my office in New York, on the day when the city turned out to welcome the hero back home. Mayor Walker spoke, and among other things he said to the Lone Eagle, "While it has become almost axiomatic, it sometimes seems prosaic to refer to you as a great diplomat, because after your superhuman adventure, by your modesty, by your grace, by your gentlemanly American conduct . . ." Loud laughter rolling up from all over the theater drowned out the next few sentences.

I realized with a start of surprise that the London audience was howling with amusement over the idea—to them perfectly ridiculous—that anybody should consider gentlemanly conduct American.

Thus unexpectedly were Americans in the audience reminded of the words of Bobbie Burns

written when once in church he saw a louse on a lady's hat:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Seriously, however, I found myself pondering over the difficulty we humans all have in seeing things from the other fellow's point of view. I realized then how a Londoner in New York would wonder why an American audience laughs at the mention of typical English wit. To him English wit is the only real wit. And in this attitude he resembles all the rest of us.

Here we have a suggestion which may help us in the interesting process of overcoming the effects of our blind spots. When your blind spot causes you to fail to see a point, you know that all you have to do to see that point again is to change a little the angle of your vision. A change in the angle of our vision is needed oftentimes to cure our race prejudice. And the angle we want to try to get, if I may use the phrase, is the "golden rule angle."

To get that angle for inward vision there are certain things we need to do. What they are I shall try to suggest through a number of illustrations. Since one cannot tell much about the proc-

esses of adjustments of inner vision except by studying one's own experience, it will be necessary for us to use illustrations for the most part from personal contacts. I do so with the hope that they will not be regarded as boastful. Neither are they, I believe, exceptional. From your own experience you will be able to think of similar instances of changes of viewpoint.

If by the time you get to this chapter you have had opportunity to do some experimenting along the lines suggested in earlier ones, observations of your own will help make all the clearer the process we are thinking about now. It is a combination of imagination, the projection of oneself into the consciousness of others, and the exercise of continual self-watchfulness. That sounds pretty formidable. It really isn't. Nor is that part about "projecting" oneself meant to infer meddling with the affairs of others. An ancient Chinese philosopher once objected to glasses on the ground that those who contracted shortsightedness by too much straining of their eyes to peer into the affairs of others ought to be allowed to suffer the natural penalty of their indiscretion. We are not to try to peer into the affairs of others, but rather to try to see things sometimes at least through their eyes rather than our own.

The first clear recollection I have of groping for the golden rule angle concerns an incident

that happened more by chance than by choice. In school days I attended a Y. M. C. A. summer conference. There was a Jewish boy in one delegation from another school. I found that no one from his own school would room with him, and feeling sorry for him, I suggested that we room together. He agreed. Late into the nights of that week we talked, and he told me how it felt to be a victim of race prejudice. Seldom in after years has any member of a race different from mine been so frank in revealing the deep wounds in his sensitive soul, caused in part by unthinking and perhaps unintended discrimination.

He was thinking of becoming a Christian then. But his experience was not encouraging. As far as I can find out, he never went any further with the idea and now regards Christians as people who preach a beautiful doctrine of brotherhood learned from a Jew but who do not trouble to practise the doctrine even with the blood-brothers of that Jew.

How many millions of his great race have had that experience or infinitely more bitter experiences—who can say! No wonder that people in India, seeing the keen prejudice of white Westerners toward them, say of the Master whom these Westerners claim to follow, "Your Jesus is hopelessly handicapped by his association with the West!"

The victims of the Nordic's prejudice, like the Indian people or like my Jewish roommate at that summer conference, are naturally more likely to be aware of it than are the Nordics themselves! It hurts the victim. It hurts the possessors of it, too, but they don't know that, and if you called attention to it they would probably say, "What you don't know doesn't hurt you!"

That tentative interracial experiment of the conference week was followed by others. It happened that in the scramble for seats in the college commons freshman year I found myself sitting at a table between a Negro and a Jew. They evidently had few friends. Many of their classmates quietly cut them. Remembering the revelations of my Jewish conference roommate, I decided that it was worth while to be courteous at least. Some of my friends told me that it would injure my standing in college if I continued to associate with these lonely fellows, particularly in the dining hall. There is just enough Scotch-Irish in my blood to make me a bit stubborn—you know how it is—and the opposition of others made it seem all the more desirable to stick out the experiment. Soon, however, I was led on by more than mere mulishness. I found out how being ignored hurt these fellows; and their quiet appreciation of friendliness was very rewarding. Furthermore, they not only appreciated my friendship,

they made me appreciate theirs. They proved most interesting comrades. Later in college the colored boy made the football team and was cited by a famous coach for the All-American eleven. By that time many fellow students had come to appreciate him and his qualities as a sportsman, a scholar, and a gentleman.

In later years I met the Jewish lad on the other side of the world. I have followed his success with interest, and always enjoy contact with his keen and original mind. The Negro football star has become an eminently successful professor and business expert—so successful indeed that many of the white boys who snubbed him in college days, or simply tolerated him at a distance, secretly envy him now as he reaps the rewards of perseverance and superior intelligence.

One thing that opened my own eyes further to the consequences of race prejudice from the victim's viewpoint was living with a small group of white people in the middle of a vast Chinese city. There I was in the minority, and, while the Chinese are unusually free from race prejudice, I found myself frequently the object of certain kinds of subtle discrimination.

Sometimes it was not so subtle. When one goes down the street there, one hears a certain word repeated over and over—with varying degrees of vigor. It sounds like "mowza" and it means

"hairy." The explanation is simple. Chinese have very smooth and hairless skin—as Willy evidently knew, for when his teacher said: "What is so rare as a day in June?" he replied, "A Chinaman with whiskers!" "Foreign devils"—Europeans and Americans particularly—seem hairy to the Chinese.

To be called by such a name may seem like a joke at first; but after a few years of it you begin to get a bit irritated. The implied meaning is the same as the derogatory race nicknames which we hear far too often in America—Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger, Bohunk, Dago, Sheenie. They all have a sting that hurts.

A good illustration of the subconscious "tinge" associated with the scornful Chinese nickname for white foreigners occurred in my own home. One night several years ago we were entertaining at dinner in America the daughter of former President Li Yuan Hung of China. She attempted to get my children to talk with her in the Chinese language which both used freely when living in China. But, after their three years out of that country, they had forgotten it. Another guest at the table then said to my small son, at that time six years old, "You're a funny fellow. You were born in China and used to speak Chinese. Now you don't know any Chinese."

"Yes, I do," he replied, "I know 'mowza.' "

"What does that mean?"

"Dumb-bell," said he.

Evidently in his subconscious mind he had carried for the years since he last heard the word an instinctive recognition that it implied a degree of scorn such as he was accustomed to put into the word "dumb-bell"—so great a favorite among his schoolmates in America.

In addition to finding out how it feels to be called by a derogatory racial nickname (an experience, by the way, which probably most of you who read this have never had), one has now and then in China another type of experience quite impressive and thought-provoking. Here is an example. One time when I was sitting with some American friends in a Chinese train, the conductor started to show a Chinese official into the same compartment. He looked with evident displeasure upon the "hairy cats," and said in Chinese, "Can't you give me some other place? Do you think I want to sit with people who have a bad foreign smell?" We naturally felt a bit shocked to be thus classed. But we thought of the many examples we had seen of similar attitudes toward brown or yellow travelers on the part of white folks—and blushed for our race more than we resented the unintentional insult. It did, however, make easier the attempt to get the golden rule angle—as you can imagine it might.

Here is the experience of another which shows how it seems when the shoe is on the other foot. An American was taking the channel steamer from Fusan, in Korea, to Nagasaki. He found himself in a stateroom with an Oriental gentleman whose looks aroused his suspicions. Sometime after the steamer had left port, the American gentleman went to the purser.

"I don't like the looks of the Jap in my stateroom. I want to have you put my valuables into your safe."

"All right, sir," said the purser. "He brought his down about half an hour ago."

You may laugh at that American. But what he was doing was simply this. He was associating honor and reliability with color—his own color. The Oriental did the same. Both were probably wrong in their misgivings.

Don't you tend instinctively to associate honorable and attractive qualities with people of your own color? All of us do. But there come experiences which shock us into the realization that there are other viewpoints.

One such came to me when visiting in the home of a Negro friend who is the head of a boarding-school. Where he lives few white people treat him courteously—although he is the son of a wealthy man and the holder of high degrees from several universities, a former soldier in the

American Armies in France. No white people ever come to his home. I was playing with his children before the fire in the parlor when one of the youngest of them left me and wandered into the dining-room where his mother was. I heard him ask this surprising question: "Mamma, has that man got a false face on?"

To him it was altogether unbelievable that anyone without a brown skin could be agreeable company.

He is not alone in that assumption. After the Jerusalem Conference of Christian leaders from all over the world in 1928 a colleague of mine was traveling on a Mediterranean steamer with two African delegates. They were telling of the wonderful experiences they had had in the brotherly atmosphere of that meeting on the Mount of Olives. One of them concluded his appreciative remarks about the treatment he had received from the two hundred white delegates with this statement: "I did not suppose there were in all the world two hundred white people who could treat a black man as a true comrade."

The process of creating an attitude of self-watchfulness when in the presence of members of other races need not lead to stiffness or nervousness. It really can be summed up as an effort continuously to apply the golden rule. Ask yourself: Supposing I were the only white person in

an Oriental city, how would I like to have the yellow people treat me there? It is certain that you would not want to have them talk a lot about "you white people," or to remark on how sorry they were for you that you were not yellow; nor to look upon you with a sort of pitying condescension because you belonged to an alien—and to them obviously inferior—race.

If you were facing discrimination every day in street cars, stores, offices, and places of amusement, you would welcome a friendly approach from some member of that other race who showed that he knew you were just as human as he. You would not expect the utmost consideration, perhaps, from groups without education or experience; but when you met an educated young person of that other race, you would expect to find a sort of understanding and comradeship, a reasonableness and open-mindedness rising above race differences.

I have been in the mountains of China where the peasant people crowded around and asked very personal questions of me and of my Chinese guide. "Does the white man have fleas? What is his age? How often does he take a bath? Why does he smell so strangely?"—You probably would jump a bit at that last unless you have been told that all races have a distinctive bodily aroma ordinarily indistinguishable to themselves

and not necessarily in any way due to lack of cleanliness.

This experience brought no hurt feelings of course. But it is a different thing to have educated and cultured people of another race assume that you do not understand their language or have feelings and discuss you personally in some public place.

How many times have you heard rather loud conversations in trains or on the sidewalk in which Americans were discussing some foreigner within earshot, assuming all the time that he did not understand? You hear even more of this sort of thing in foreign countries where Americans and other white people travel. Often it is very painful to hear when you know that the people talked about are able to understand every word, as well as you do.

Have you ever seen a foreigner in a public place treated as if he were stupid and ignorant simply because he could not speak our language? Putting yourself in his place and remembering that he may know five or six other languages, you will not be long in discovering that under similar circumstances you would not wish to be ridiculed as a "dumb-bell."

It is bad enough to be misunderstood on account of difference in language, nationality or race in some foreign country. You have to experience it

in order to sympathize with those who are in a similar fix when they come to your country.

But it is worse to be misunderstood and discriminated against in your own country solely on account of your color or race.

Imagine yourself the direct descendant of the first man killed in the American Revolution and yet having to hear the son of an immigrant or a naturalized alien talk as if he were a real American and you were not. Can that happen? Yes, unfortunately it can. For the first man killed in the American Revolution was a Negro freeman, Crispus Attucks. When you go to Boston you can find there on the Common a monument bearing his name.

If you have never heard white Americans talk as if colored people could not be true Americans you are an exception. The same applies to Polish people and to Jews. Yet it was a Polish Jew, Hayim Salomon, who unselfishly financed General Washington at some of the most critical times during the Revolution.

Carry this same process of analyzing the assumptions of prejudice into the field of contacts with almost any race group you can think of and you will run into absurd injustices to recognize which is to get nearer to the golden rule attitude.

If you are a white American, you have probably joined many a time in the salute to the flag:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Do you know what many dark-skinned Americans, when they hear that, think? They think: "That last is not so! America does not mean that. It means liberty and justice for white people, not for Negroes or yellow people. We may get liberty, but not justice; no chance to vote in many states though we have to pay taxes like everybody else; unequal pay for the same work; unequal punishment for the same crime; unequal opportunity in almost everything. And the white folks call that justice."

The only thing that can cure this situation is the widespread adoption of the golden rule point of view in human relationships. Fortunately for the progress of brotherhood, the facing of facts by honest people of good-will leads to the desire to achieve just that viewpoint.

Even among groups where race prejudice is most bitter and deeply imbedded it has begun to yield when those holding it have been confronted with clear evidence of the suffering caused by it. This tends to be true because few people are sadists. A sadist is a person who is so terribly deranged mentally that he enjoys making others suffer, particularly the helpless and the weak. Most normal people, even when dominated by prejudice, recoil from deliberately causing others

to suffer. Particularly is this apt to be the case when it is clearly indicated to them that the suffering is unnecessary and often can be quickly cured by simple human decency.

It is illuminating to consider an early step in the building up of the Interracial Movement in the South which has done a good deal in recent years to improve relations between the white and the colored people. An influential group of socially prominent white women was gathered by a Southern gentleman and told of the objectives of this movement. He told them of the bitter experiences which educated colored women faced; of their suffering under the handicap of race discrimination which prevents their securing the least recognition for intellectual, cultural or artistic achievement.

The white group finally agreed to meet face to face a group of colored women to discuss the problem. They agreed not only to meet them but to address them by the terms of ordinary courtesy and to sit with them in the same parlor. This may sound easy; but remember, that never in all their lives had these white women spoken to Negroes except as servants—never had they shaken hands with any Negro or met any in the environment of a parlor conference.

When the carefully arranged meeting took place the Negro group was ushered into the room where

the white group was already seated. By some fine instinct of courtesy the latter arose to greet their guests. When introductions were over and all were seated one of the Negro ladies was asked to speak. She told briefly of the indignities which she and her fellow Americans of African descent have to face every day. Soon there was not a dry eye in the room. True human kindliness, welling up instinctively, was doing what no argument could do. From that day on most of the white members of that parlor conference have worked with magnificent self-sacrifice to acquire a new attitude and to develop the same sort of good-will among their neighbors.

Through glimpsing the suffering souls of black folk they have won a new ability to look upon race relations from the golden rule angle. And what happened to them may happen to anyone who will allow himself or herself a chance to know first-hand how the victims of unreasoning prejudice really feel and how they suffer.

We must not close this discussion of experimental roads to brotherliness without reminding ourselves of other things that the organized followers of Jesus are doing and must continue to do in order to bring race relations into conformity with his spirit.

Increasingly the need of a new emphasis on this matter is being recognized by the church mis-

sion boards. Those carrying on education among the racial groups subject to discrimination are doing more to help solve the problem than some realize; they are raising up a group of young men and women of these varied races who can increasingly make contacts at scratch with white groups in their own communities. These are the leaders of tomorrow. Without their cooperation no real overcoming of race prejudice is possible.

Studies of the situation as between various races in America have been made by church organizations, and the public mind is constantly being challenged to more Christian thinking. Many bitter things are said about the churches by those who feel impatient that progress is so slow. One can sympathize with their suffering under the cruel discriminations of prejudice without being so pessimistic about the response that the churches are making. People now alive can recall when thousands of church pulpits defended slavery as a part of God's plan for the world.

In one great communion there is a movement the ideal of which is "friends, not foreigners." The plan followed is that of bringing people of all race groups into a single church rather than to encourage the separation of the followers of the Master into congregations made up wholly as clubs are, along class or race lines. Another communion has a definite and carefully fostered plan

for establishing friendships between its members and people of other races or nationalities living in the same community. It is not a group effort so much as it is the enlisting of interested individuals who are helped to make natural contacts which with care and effort can become lasting friendships. In almost every communion, likewise, are groups of young people who spend some time in teaching English to foreign groups of various races. This provides a point of contact and has a double advantage—in helping the established Americans of older stock to understand the aspirations and ideals of the newcomers to America and just the other way around. Prejudice on both sides is often reduced and sometimes cured by these simple, human, helpful contacts. They could be greatly multiplied. In the church to which the author belongs there are now more than two hundred seventy-five places where home missionary work is carried on among non-English-speaking foreigners, all of whom are eager to learn our language.

In almost every communion aid is given to churches of many kinds for all sorts of race groups. Hospitals and dispensaries, day nurseries and night schools, as well as normal training centers and colleges, have been established for underprivileged folk and in them brotherliness is put on firmer foundations.

The institutions where these experiments in understanding and good-will are being made call for many workers and if the total of such workers were known it would be a surprisingly large list covering every state in the Union. Many of them work in obscure places, but lay their hands upon the growing lives of boys and girls through whom some day great advances will be made in the direction of harmony between all colors and kinds.

Race Relations Sunday, sponsored by the organization which represents most of the Protestant churches in America, the Federal Council, is widely observed by exchanges of ministers, choirs and organists. Young people's societies hold joint meetings and the leaders often exchange just as the ministers do. All of this serves to call to the attention of thousands of people the church life and human qualities of folk whom they know only perhaps in other realms of life. The second Sunday in February is usually designated for this purpose.

Not only does the Federal Council's Commission on Race Relations sponsor the idea of this special Sunday devoted to nation-wide thought of the subject, but it also conducts conferences, produces literature, organizes committees, and seeks in many other ways to promote understanding and good-will. The same ideal of brotherhood is behind the organized activities of special de-

partments of practically all denominational boards, as well as other interdenominational bodies. While none of these can take the place of individual effort, they serve constantly to call attention to the importance of solving the race problem, and to suggest ways in which groups as well as individuals can experiment in better understanding and more helpful cooperation in church and community affairs.

There is no group of people more anxious to find the way out and up, more ready to sacrifice and to labor for a better, more brotherly America than is the group among church people whose major interest is in race justice. You will find them among the leaders of the mission boards, among pastors and lay members of those boards, and among the army of missionaries at work all up and down the land. When you know these people, as you can know them if you wish—at least through literature if not through personal contact—you will recognize in them a team that is playing the game to defeat prejudice. They are testing, experimenting, planning, consulting, year in and year out. They need help, lots of it, and what they need only those who have fought against prejudice and gained at least a partial victory, can effectively supply.

When one thinks of the home mission work of the Christian church and its relatively ineffective

effort to remove race barriers, it will be seen that rapid progress cannot be expected until the church as a whole is more fully aroused to the importance of the problem than it is today. Relatively few people are much concerned over it, thinking that only radicals are impatient to bring about a sort of Utopia. To be committed to the thing personally one must have passed through the kind of experimental process we have been discussing throughout these pages.

One who has tried to solve the problem in his own life knows that there is no panacea or patent medicine which will work a cure. There is no simple, final, and complete solution. Therefore a long hard battle must be expected before the victory is won. Competent observers who are students of history and of human nature believe that even the problem of war will be solved before the problem of race relations yields to the full application of the ideals of Jesus. Unquestionably the two problems are much related.

The ideals of Jesus on this matter got him into difficulty. And his ideals if applied by us may get us into difficulty. Possibly it was because of his attitude toward the Samaritans, whom his people particularly scorned and hated, that Jesus himself was derisively called a Samaritan. "Thou art a Samaritan," his enemies said. "Thou hast a devil."

Those who uncompromisingly seek to follow him in viewing human contacts from the golden rule angle may expect similar treatment—sometimes even from their friends. How could it be otherwise in a day when the most widespread heresy in the Western world is the failure to believe in brotherhood?

But experimenters who take Jesus in earnest can afford to pay the price. They will know it is worth while when they recall how he said: "Blessed are you when men denounce you and persecute you and utter all manner of evil against you for my sake; rejoice and exult in it."

What golden rule thinking and golden rule living depend on today in matters of race is something which might well be called "a moral equivalent for war."

If you have succeeded in any of your own experiments in the cure of blind spots you know something of the genuine enthusiasm which the experience breeds. There is a thrill in life when life is lived adventurously.

Bloodshed is not called for. But the shedding of pride and self-satisfaction is. The flame of a true devotion to the simplicity of Christian goodwill is a consuming fire. And it spreads. That is the hope of the coming day for America—"land of all nations"—and for the whole human family right around the world.

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